

THE VENTURE





To Mr. L. Beluger
from John Baillie

Jan 1904.



THE VENTURE

An Annual of Art and Literature

Edited by

LAURENCE HOUSMAN AND
W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM.

LONDON
AT JOHN BAILLIE'S
1, PRINCES TERRACE,
HEREFORD ROAD, W.

1903.

PRINTED AT THE PEAR TREE PRESS,
15 HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.

LITERARY CONTENTS.

		PAGE
Beauty's Mirror	by John Masefield.	1
The Philosophy of Islands	„ G. K. Chesterton.	2
The Market Girl	„ Thomas Hardy.	10
Open Sesame	„ Charles Marriott.	13
To Any Householder	„ Mrs. Meynell.	31
The Oracles	„ A. E. Housman.	39
The Genius of Pope	„ Stephen Gwynn.	40
Poor Little Mrs. Villiers	„ Netta Syrett.	53
Blindness	„ John Masefield.	74
The Merchant Knight	„ Richard Garnett.	77
Earth's Martyrs	„ Stephen Phillips.	112
The Gem and Its Setting	„ Violet Hunt.	115
Marriage in Two Moods	„ Francis Thompson.	131
An Indian Road-Tale	„ S. Boulderson.	133
Madame de Warens	„ Havelock Ellis.	136
The Clue	„ Laurence Binyon.	158
Richard Farquharson	„ May Bateman.	161
Jill's Cat	„ E. F. Benson.	175
Proverbial Romances	„ Laurence Housman.	187
Marriages Are Made in Heaven	„ W. Somerset Maugham.	209
A Phial	„ John Gray.	233
A Concert at Clifford's Inn	„ John Todhunter.	235

WOOD-CUTS.

FRONTISPIECE.

The Dove Cot	by Charles Hazelwood Shannon.	
		PAGE.
John Woolman	„ Reginald Savage.	viii
Psyche's Looking Glass	„ Charles S. Ricketts.	11
Pan and Psyche	„ T. Sturge Moore.	29
Queen of the Fishes	„ Lucien Pissarro.	37
Birdalone	„ Bernard Sleigh	51
The Trumpeter	„ E. Gordon Craig.	75
The Death of Pan	„ Louise Glazier.	97
Playfellows	„ T. Sturge Moore.	113
The Crowning of Esther	„ Lucien Pissarro.	129
Daphne and Apollo	„ Elinor Monsell.	159
The World is old to-night	„ Paul Woodroffe.	173
The Gabled House	„ Sydney Lee.	185
The Blue Moon	„ Laurence Housman.	207
The Bather	„ Bernard Sleigh.	231

The Editors have to thank the Essex House Press for permission to print the "John Woolman" engraving of Mr. Reginald Savage; Mr. Alexander Moring for the use of Mr. Paul Woodroffe's illustration to the song "The World is Old To-night," published with music by the De La More Press; and Mr. John Murray for first use of "The Blue Moon" title-page.



JOHN WOOLMAN.

WHEN BONY DEATH HAS CHILLED HER
GENTLE BLOOD.

When bony Death has chilled her gentle blood
And dimmed the brightness of her wistful eyes,
And stamped her glorious beauty into mud
By his old skill in hateful wizardies.

When an old lichen'd marble strives to tell
How sweet a grace, how red a lip was hers ;
When rheumy gray-beards say, "I knew her well,"
Showing the grave to curious worshippers.

When all the roses that she sowed in me
Have dripped their crimson petals and decayed,
Leaving no greenery on any tree
That her dear hands in my heart's garden laid,

Then grant, old Time, to my green mouldering skull
These songs may keep her memory beautiful.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ISLANDS.

Suppose that in some convulsion of the planets there fell upon this earth from Mars, a creature of a shape totally unfamiliar, a creature about whose actual structure we were of necessity so dark that we could not tell which was creature and which was clothes. We could see that it had, say, six red tufts on its head, but we should not know whether they were a highly respectable head-covering or simply a head. We should see that the tail ended in three yellow stars, but it would be very difficult for us to know whether this was part of a ritual or simply part of a tail. Well, man has been from the beginning of time this unknown monster. People have always differed about what part of him belonged to himself, and what part was merely an accident. People have said successively that it was natural to him to do everything and anything that was diverse and mutually contradictory; that it was natural to him to worship God, and natural to him to be an atheist; natural to him to drink water, and natural to him to drink wine; natural to him to be equal, natural to be unequal; natural to obey kings, natural to kill them. The

divergence is quite sufficient to justify us in asking if there are not many things that are really natural, which really appear early and strong in every normal human being, which are not embodied in any of his after affairs. Whether there are not morbidities which are as fresh and recurrent as the flowers of spring. Whether there are not superstitions whose darkness is as wholesome as the darkness that falls nightly on all living things. Whether we have not treated things essential as portents; whether we have not seen the sun as a meteor, a star of ill-luck.

It would at least appear that we tend to become separated from what is really natural, by the fact that we always talk about those people who are really natural as if they were goblins. There are three classes of people for instance, who are in a greater or less degree elemental: children, poor people, and to some extent, and in a darker and more terrible manner, women. The reason why men have from the beginning of literature talked about women as if they were more or less mad, is simply because women are natural, and men, with their formalities and social theories, are very artificial. It is the same with children; children are simply human beings who are allowed to do what everyone else really desires to do, as for instance, to fly kites, or when seriously wronged to emit prolonged screams for several minutes. So again, the poor man is simply a person who expends upon treating himself and his friends in public houses about the same proportion of his income as richer people spend on dinners or hansom cabs, that

is a great deal more than he ought. But nothing can be done until people give up talking about these people as if they were too eccentric for us to understand, when, as a matter of fact, if there is any eccentricity involved, we are too eccentric to understand them. A poor man, as it is weirdly ordained, is definable as a man who has not got much money; to hear philanthropists talk about him one would think he was a kangaroo. A child is a human being who has not grown up; to hear educationalists talk one would think he was some variety of a deep-sea fish. The case of the sexes is at once more obvious and more difficult. The stoic philosophy and the early church discussed woman as if she were an institution, and in many cases decided to abolish her. The modern feminine output of literature discusses man as if he were an institution, and decides to abolish him. It can only timidly be suggested that neither man nor woman are institutions, but things that are really quite natural and all over the place.

If we take children for instance, as examples of the uncorrupted human animal, we see that the very things which appear in them in a manner primary and prominent, are the very things that philosophers have taught us to regard as sophisticated and over-civilised. The things which really come first are the things which we are accustomed to think come last. The instinct for a pompous intricate and recurring ceremonial for instance, comes to a child like an organic hunger; he asks for a formality as he might ask for a drink of water.

Those who think, for instance, that the thing called superstition is something heavily artificial, are very numerous ; that is those who think that it has only been the power of priests or of some very deliberate system that has built up boundaries, that has called one course of action lawful and another unlawful, that has called one piece of ground sacred and another profane. Nothing it would seem, except a large and powerful conspiracy could account for men so strangely distinguishing between one field and another, between one city and another, between one nation and another. To all those who think in this way there is only one answer to be given. It is to approach each of them and whisper in his ear : " Did you or did you not as a child try to step on every alternate paving-stone ? " Was that artificial and a superstition ? Did priests come in the dead of night and mark out by secret signs the stones on which you were allowed to tread ? Were children threatened with the oubliette or the fires of Smithfield if they failed to step on the right stone ? Has the Church issued a bull " Quisquam non pavimento ? " No ! On this point on which we were really free, we invented our servitude. We chose to say that between the first and the third paving-stone there was an abyss of the eternal darkness into which we must not fall. We were walking along a steady, and safe and modern road, and it was more pleasant to us to say that we were leaping desperately from peak to peak. Under mean and oppressive systems it was no doubt our instinct to free ourselves. But this truth written on the paving-stones is of even

greater emphasis, that under liberal systems it was our instinct to limit ourselves. We limited ourselves so gladly that we limited ourselves at random, as if limitation were one of the adventures of boyhood.

People sometimes talk as if everything in the religious history of men had been done by officials. In all probability things like the Dionysian cult or the worship of the Virgin were almost entirely forced by the people on the priesthood. And if children had been sufficiently powerful in the state, there is no reason why this paving-stone religion should not have been accepted also. There is no reason why the streets up which we walk should not be emblazoned so as to commemorate this eternal fancy, why black stones and white stones alternately, for instance, should not perpetuate the memory of a superstition as healthy as health itself.

For what is the idea in human nature which lies at the back of this almost automatic ceremonialism? Why is it that a child who would be furious if told by his nurse not to walk off the curbstone, invents a whole desperate system of foot-holds and chasms in a plane in which his nurse can see little but a commodious level? It is because man has always had the instinct that to isolate a thing was to identify it. The flag only becomes a flag when it is unique; the nation only becomes a nation when it is surrounded; the hero only becomes a hero when he has before him and behind him men who are not heroes; the paving-stone only becomes a paving-stone when it has before it and behind it things that are not paving-stones.

There are two other obvious instances, of course, of the same instinct, the perennial poetry of islands, and the perennial poetry of ships. A ship like the Argo or the Fram is valued by the mind because it is an island, because, that is, it carries with it floating loose on the desolate elements the resources, and rules, and trades, and treasures of a nation, because it has ranks, and shops, and streets, and the whole clinging like a few limpets to a lost spar. An island like Ithaca or England is valued by the mind because it is a ship, because it can find itself alone and self-dependent in a waste of water, because its orchards and forests can be numbered like bales of merchandise, because its corn can be counted like gold, because the starriest and dreariest snows upon its most forsaken peaks are silver flags flown from familiar masts, because its dimmest and most inhuman mines of coal or lead below the roots of all things are definite chatels stored awkwardly in the lowest locker of the hold.

In truth nothing has so much spoilt the right artistic attitude as the continual use of such words as "infinite" and "immeasurable." They were used rightly enough in religion because religion, by its very nature, consists of paradoxes. Religion speaks of an identity which is infinite, just as it spoke of an identity that was at once one and three, just as it might possibly and rightly speak of an identity that was at once black and white.

The old mystics spoke of an existence without end or a happiness without end, with a deliberate defiance, as they

might have spoken of a bird without wings or a sea without water. And in this they were right philosophically, far more right than the world would now admit because all things grow more paradoxical as we approach the central truth. But for all human imaginative or artistic purposes nothing worse could be said of a work of beauty than that it is infinite; for to be infinite is to be shapeless, and to be shapeless is to be something more than mis-shapen. No man really wishes a thing which he believes divine to be in this earthly sense infinite. No one would really like a song to last for ever, or a religious service to last for ever, or even a glass of good ale to last for ever. And this is surely the reason that men have pursued towards the idea of holiness, the course that they have pursued; that they have marked it out in particular spaces, limited it to particular days, worshipped an ivory statue, worshipped a lump of stone. They have desired to give to it the chivalry and dignity of definition, they have desired to save it from the degradation of infinity. This is the real weakness of all imperial or conquering ideals in nationality. No one can love his country with the particular affection which is appropriate to the relation, if he thinks it is a thing in its nature indeterminate, something which is growing in the night, something which lacks the tense excitement of a boundary. No Roman citizen could feel the same when once it became possible for a rich Parthian or a rich Carthaginian to become a Roman citizen by waving his hand. No man wishes the thing he loves to grow, for he does not wish it to alter. No

Imperialist would be pleased if he came home in the evening from business and found his wife eight feet high.

The dangers upon the side of this transcendental insularity are no doubt considerable. There lies in it primarily the great danger of the thing called idolatry, the worship of the object apart from or against the idea it represents. But he must surely have had a singular experience who thinks that this insular or idolatrous fault is the particular fault of one age. We are not likely to suffer from any painful resemblance to the men of Thermopylae, the Zealots, who raged round the fall of Jerusalem, to the thunderbolts of Eastern faith and valour who hurled themselves on the guns of Lord Kitchener. If we are rushing upon any destruction it is not, at least, upon this.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE MARKET GIRL.

(Country Song.)

I.

Nobody took any notice of her as she stood on the causey-
kerb,
A-trying to sell her honey and apples, and bunches of garden
herb;
And if she had offered to give her wares, and herself with
them too, that day,
I doubt if a soul would have cared to take a bargain so choice
away.

II.

But chancing to trace her sunburnt grace that morning as I
passed nigh,
I went and I said, "Poor maidy, dear! And will none o' the
people buy?"
And so it began; and soon we knew what the end of it all
must be,
And I found that though no others had bid, a prize had been
won by me.

THOMAS HARDY.



PSYCHE'S LOOKING-GLASS

OPEN SESAME.

Interested strangers who tried to talk to Mr. Trembath about the West Country were apt to be disappointed because, although he had many memories, he found it difficult at the moment to get hold of the proper end. If you happen to be on Trevenen Quay towards the end of September you may see fishermen home from the North Sea groping in the hold of a lugger for the tail of a herring net. When found it is pulled out, not in yards, but in miles. So with Mr. Trembath's memories. A chance word more often than not apparently irrelevant, put the thread into his hand, and you found it just as well to sit down while the grey man in a toneless voice reeled you off a whole warp of his life. Only—to pursue the simile—in his case you had not only the net but all the fish as well; bright and curious, so vivid and explicit that if you had any imagination you tasted the brine on your lips, and saw the little cows over the ash-tops climbing the flank of Carn Leskys. Like the ancient mariner, Mr. Trembath found relief rather than pleasure in telling his reminiscences; indeed, it is probable that he craved forgetfulness. They did their best in

Packer's Rents to make him forget, but an inheritance of six centuries is perhaps not the best preparation for a countryman coming to live in London. The traditions of six hundred years, and the flower soft though ineffaceable impressions of sixty others by moor and sea tend to use up a man's acquisitive powers, so that the facts of to-day, however striking, are not properly assimilated, and are always novel.

Thus, after five years, Mr. Trembath still talked about the wonderful things they did in London Churchtown. If he had been capable of expressing himself clearly, or even of retaining a definite idea in his nebulous mind, he would have told you that the most surprising things in London were the milk and the children. He never found fault with the milk; it was just too perplexing for that. Mr. Trembath took in the milk because Mable Elsie, his daughter-in-law, found his invincible innocence a convenient barrier to importunate creditors. Every day when the milk had been thrown from the measure into the jug with that masterly "plop" which only the London milkman can achieve, Mr. Trembath peered into the ostentatiously foaming fluid and muttered "Well well," much as if he had seen a cat with wings. Every day he meant to look for the machinery by which the milk was made, but forgot in the fresh wonder of its appearance. He never got so far as criticism, partly from courtesy, partly because the milkman was gone before he reached the verbal stage of his meditations. The one thing that would have startled him into speech was the information that the milk came from real

cows.

The children, and there were a great many children in Packer's Rents, affected him differently. Besides wonder he had an uncomfortable feeling of responsibility about them. He never could get rid of the idea that "somebody ought to be told;" and might often have been seen lifting up a baby out of the gutter or stooping to wipe a small nose with his red pocket-handkerchief. He had come to believe that they were human children because Mabel Elsie shamelessly discussed their incidence with her friend Mrs. Ellis in his hearing. In spite of his general haziness he remembered to be glad that he had no grandchildren in Packer's Rents, and frequently said so aloud, with embarrassing disregard for Mabel Elsie's presence.

Mr. Trembath never quarrelled with his daughter-in-law. She made him wonder, but not more than when fourteen years ago his son brought her home with her voice and her clothes to Rosewithan. Most personal matters, things to be glad or sorry about, were so far off now that Mr. Trembath had ceased to grieve over the relationship. He sometimes addressed her as "my dear," and then would pull up short with a pathetic look of non-recognition. Could this be the woman his son had chosen for bed and board? The incredible idea caused him to forget his manners, and, staring at Mabel Elsie, to observe aloud in a mildly deprecating voice:

"Well, what a woman, eh?"

Then Mabel Elsie would throw back her head and scream with laughter.

"Just like the green woodpeckers down to Rosewithan, my dear," he would say, and go on to discuss a matter which had long troubled his conscience. Years ago, tempted by the green and scarlet, he had shot a woodpecker—here he would illustrate "and a good shot it was, my dear"—in the mating season. The bird had built in one of the elms which stood in front of his door, and ever afterwards the round black hole haunted him like an empty eye-socket in which he himself had quenched the fire of life. Then Mabel Elsie would laugh again more loudly, whereat Mr. Trembath would shrink and painfully try to show her how the women laughed down to Rosewithan. But Mabel Elsie only called him a "silly ole man" for his pains.

For Mr. Trembath's daughter-in-law had a proper sense of practical benefits, and was not easily wounded. A weak minded old gentleman whose only interest in his life annuity was to sign the quarterly cheques, was worth indulging in his conversation. When Mr. Trembath's only son migrated to London he acquired habits, including Mabel Elsie, which did not make for material prosperity. Love of the land was not enough to make life worth while to his mother after he had left her roof and she presently died, if not of a broken heart, at least in a moral vacuum. For a time Mr. Trembath tried to forget his loneliness in his farm, but dairy farming without a mistress is a rather forlorn industry. At last the craven letters of his son who daily sank lower under the circumstances of his choice, confirmed Mr. Trembath in his disastrous

opinion that he ought to leave Rosewithan to "see what he could do for John." So he came to London, but only in time to learn that the only thing he could do for John was to bury him. Having dropped the lease which his ancestors had held under the same landlords for six hundred years, Mr. Trembath remained in London to look after John's wife.

Mabel Elsie would have put it the other way, and indeed, she was eminently able to take care of herself. She certainly managed Mr. Trembath's income. Money so easily come by was naturally not handled in a narrow spirit of economy; hence the friendship of Mrs. Ellis and others; for the less recreative consideration of daily bread, as also for appearances, Mabel Elsie worked in a box factory. On the fluctuating margin of these economies, and to enable him to sign the quarterly cheques, Mr. Trembath was badly fed, worse clad, and allowed to do pretty much as he liked.

What he liked was usually not inconvenient to the general disorder of Packer's Rents. But with the progressive clouding of his mind to the immediate present and recent past, Mr. Trembath's memories of Rosewithan became clearer though less coherently related. This would not have mattered if he had been able to indulge his fancies at will, but they were rather thrust upon him like the gift of prophecy, and you never knew when a careless word would set him going. Sometimes, too, the urgency of his recollections and his inability to place them in point of time, drove him to action. He would get up very early in the morning and disturb the house looking for

his gaiters, because in the night there had been borne in upon him the pressing necessity to cut furze. The spectacle of a tall, thin old man with a vacant eye stalking down Tarbuck Street armed with a furze hook naturally caused people to intimate to Mabel Elsie that she ought to take more care of her father-in-law in the interests of the general public.

Mr. Trembath also suffered from the obsession of market day. Packer's Rents came to spending Thursday between the doorstep and sharing pints on the off chance of Mr. Trembath being run in. Greengrocers were apt to misunderstand his motives in selecting samples of their wares "to show to friend Trevorrow," and he once came perilously near horse-stealing. Loitering in the neighbourhood of the "Duke of York" he recognised his own horse and gig standing at the street corner. A clock striking five warned him that it was time to be driving home to Rosewithan. He crossed the road, and giving twopence to the boy who held the horse, patted him on the head, bade him be a good lad, and was preparing to climb into the gig when its owner came out of the "Duke of York." This man failed to appreciate Mr. Trembath's courteous offer of a lift, and was for haling him to the police station. Luckily Bill Ellis was attracted by the little crowd, and with difficulty set matters right by explaining that Mr. Trembath was "a bit barmy."

Mr. Trembath was indebted to Bill in more ways than one, for it was through little Elfred Ellis that he came to grips with his memory, and made smooth his way to the Rosewithan

of his dreams. As Blondel to the Captive Richard, Elfred revealed his proper self by whistling "We wont go home till morning." That belonged to Rosewithan sure enough ; how and why Mr. Trembath could not at first remember. He saw something in Elfred's face which reminded, but with observation, escaped him. When the teasing recollection at last found words Mr. Trembath gripped Elfred by the arm and said, somewhat testily for him :—

"Yes, yes, that was the tune, but he didn't whistle it ; he played it on some sort of instrument ; it was a—no" he loosed his hold and shook his head ; "you must excuse me, but I can't remember." Nor did Mr. Trembath appreciate the ironical fact that it was John's perseverance in the spirit of the song which brought him to an early grave and himself to Packer's Rents.

Elfred for his part was attracted by the old man's courtly gravity so different from anything in Packer's Rents ; the discovery that, like all men of his native place, Mr. Trembath could play marbles cemented their friendship and freshly vindicated Mabel Elsie's opinion that her father-in-law was "a silly ole man."

Thus Elfred became a link between the past and the present. Mr. Trembath talked to him familiarly about Rosewithan affairs, Sally's calf and the relative merits of Tango and Spot as hunting dogs, and Elfred remembered ; so that the old man and the little child reached a common ground in the forgetfulness of the one, the ignorance of the other of the

distance in time and place. Very naturally it happened one morning that Mr. Trembath took Elfred by the hand and proposed that they should go and look for bull gurnards in the pullans. Elfred thought they were a long time getting to the sea, but kept implicit faith in Mr. Trembath until his aimless conduct at a crossing attracted the notice of a policeman. Then the youngster began to howl dismally, though it was from him rather than his elder that the man in blue discovered whence they came.

When the two, Elfred still blubbering, appeared at the corner of Packer's Rents, Mrs. Ellis was in the act of telling how much she gave for Elfred's button boots to a group of sympathisers who speculated exactly how long Bill would get for bashing her when he learned that his offspring was missing. It was the sudden change in her voice from woe to piercing anger which caused the others to turn their heads. In a moment Elfred was being shaken to pieces. Whenever Mrs. Ellis paused for breath a supporter yelled in the boy's ear what he would get supposing he were her child. Until Mrs. Ellis in a dangerously quiet voice reminded all and sundry that she owned a monopoly in Elfred. The little group already cheated of a sensation trailed away sniffing their sentiments.

Then Mrs. Ellis turned her attention to Mr. Trembath, who was patiently trying to make out what all the noise was about. As a result of her communicated views about himself, his appearance, his family and his family's failings, Mabel Elsie and Mrs. Ellis did not speak for several weeks, and Mr.

Trembath and Elfred were deprived of each other's society.

The approach of August Monday however, mended all that. After five reconciliatory jugs contributing to the decision that Hampstead and Greenwich were both played out, Mr. Trembath was told that if he "kep out of mischief and didn't cause no more rows" he should be taken to the Crystal Palace. Mr. Trembath was moved, but with an emotion more pressing than gratitude.

"Yes, my dear," he said, nodding. "Now I'll tell you about that. If you'll look upon the left hand side of the cove just above the boulders you'll see a square block of granite all finished off beautifully. That was made for the pedestal of an obelisk or monument, if you will, weighing eighteen tons and taken out of the Rosewithan Quarry to be sent to the Great Exhibition of '51. The obelisk was sent, but the pedestal never followed because old Cap'n Hosken who leased the quarry went scat."

"Oh, chuck it!" cried Mabel Elsie. "Who wants to hear your mouldy stories."

"But my dear," said Mr. Trembath patiently, "this is important, because it was the only time I ever went to law with any man. Cap'n Hosken had hired horses of me, and seeing that his affairs were in the Court I thought it only just to put forward my claim. They awarded me—"

"For Gawd's sake," said Mabel Elsie in desperation, "go along to the corner for a quart and don't muddle your silly ole 'ead with drinking out of the jug."

This was Mabel Elsie favourite joke, and invariably recalled her father-in-law to his dignity.

"You know, my dear," he said, "we are all Rechabites down to Rosewithan and don't belong to touch anything except perhaps a little sloe or blackberry wine hot and with sugar, at Christmas time. That is good for the system and cheerful as well."

Mr. Trembath was infected with the excitement of August Monday, though he had a very hazy notion of what was going forward. Long before Mabel Elsie had finished curling her hair he had shaved and brushed his clothes, and stood in everybody's way consulting his watch. Though he did not realise that he paid the score, he still was persuaded that he was in command of the party. Bill Ellis good humouredly undertook to keep the old man out of mischief, leaving his wife and Mabel Elsie free to celebrate or to quarrel as their fancy led them. Bill, who perfectly recognised the distance between himself and Mr. Trembath, regarded him vaguely as a thing which might be broken; he always addressed him as "Sir," and with the extraordinary gestures and grimaces which every Englishman knows are necessary to reach the intelligence of the foreigner.

Mr. Trembath caused some trouble in the train by insisting that they had passed Exeter and must presently come to the sea; but on the whole behaved tolerably well. At the Palace, however, he became a nuisance. Misled by certain objects he remembered, or thought he remembered, from '51 he

wanted to act as showman, though, as Mabel Elsie said, she had'nt come to see things or to be preached to, but to enjoy herself; which apparently meant laughing very loud without visible reason, and taking varied refreshments with the still more varied acquaintances of half an hour. Bill Ellis as a distinct personality grew vaguer and vaguer, and finally was absorbed into a beery crowd. To the relief of the women Mr. Trembath actually did find the obelisk and asked nothing better than to be left beside it. Here he sat with the pathetic air of an unaccustomed traveller clinging to his luggage, but with something of proprietorship as well. Quite a number of people were interested in the dignified old man, and went away persuaded that he was an unusually affable official told off for the special convenience of visitors.

Sitting half asleep under the great stone Mr. Trembath dreamed vivid but incoherent pictures of the valley when, with a jerk, they fell into relation like the pieces of glass in a kaleidoscope. Somewhere out of sight someone was haltingly playing a familiar air as if of the upper notes of a harmonium. It was the one emotional touch wanting, bringing everything into focus, yet Mr. Trembath could not place the sound either in time or character. It was familiar, yet so familiar that he felt he had not taken due note of it at the time, as a man may be at a loss when suddenly asked the colour of his friend's eyes. Then other noises intervened, and the painfully groped for memory was lost. Yet the germ of it must have remained, for in the brutal rush for the station, something glittering on a

stall caught Mr. Trembath's eye. He hesitated, felt in his pocket, but was swept away. Bill Ellis, who had emerged from the crowd morally and physically the least happy version of himself, was clamouring for a policeman; not, as he carefully explained, because he bore any ill-will to the force, but because he felt an urgent desire to confide in one particular member, and resented his absence.

During the journey home Mr. Trembath was quiet, but with so shining a face that Mabel Elsie and Mrs. Ellis exchanged uneasy glances, and the former cautiously questioned him:

"Well, father, enjoyed yourself?"

His answer, all about heather, was not illuminating, and Mabel Elsie cut him short with "Garn you silly 'ole man" in a tone of great relief.

Mr. Trembath had found out what he wanted, and with a definite need he grew very cunning. Mabel Elsie held that he was not fit to be trusted with pocket money, and his opportunity seemed a long while coming, but one Saturday evening he found sixpence on the corner of the dresser. Too instinctively honest to justify himself with the argument that it was his own money, he pounced upon it without hesitation. A theft so artless was certain to be discovered, but Mabel Elsie forgot her anger before this glaring vindication of her apparent harshness. She made the most of her opportunity, and called in witnesses to prove that nobody but Mr. Trembath had access to the coin, but for once the old man turned stubborn.

Though he did not deny the accusation he would neither produce the sixpence, nor say what he had done with it. It was a fine moment for his daughter-in-law, and won her floods of sympathy.

She soon had genuine cause for anxiety, for Mr. Trembath's health began rapidly to decline. He seemed very contented, but kept his own room and refused society. As Mabel Elsie confided to Mrs. Ellis over a quart of bitter, he could not live for ever, and with him the annuity ended. Not that she minded that, for she was prepared to swear before any Court in the land that she never saved a penny out of her father-in-law—which was perfectly true—let alone his pilfering habits; but there was the funeral to be considered. If Mr. Trembath died between two quarter days, when the one cheque was well disposed of on his behalf, the next would never be paid. That she understood, was the iniquitous rule; and she left it to Mrs. Ellis' judgment how awkward it would be for her to have to bury him at her own expense.

"Thenks; if its me you're meaning," said Mrs. Ellis bitterly; "I'm sure I've no wish to be beholden to *anybody* for what the Doctor orders me; and I'm not one to be over fond of a glass but the spirit in which it is offered, Misses Trim-bath." Mabel Elsie hastened to assure her, to the extent of another jug, that nothing of the sort was implied, but that she trusted she knew her duty better than to allow Packer's Rents an opening for criticism when her father-in-law was taken. Ultimately Mrs. Ellis was dissolved to a correct appreciation

of Mabel Elsie's grievance.

"The mean ole scut to go and take to 'is bed after all you done for 'im," she said, and assured her hostess that let her hear any nasty talk among the neighbours she would have a word to say in the matter.

With the dismal foresight of their class the neighbours discussed Mr. Trembath's death as a fact accomplished. Packer's Rents was not superstitious, but the presence of a man who already might be considered dead aroused a morbid interest which presently became whispering.

There were the noises. One hinted, another swore that while Mabel Elsie was at the box factory things went on in number seventeen which could not be explained on any human grounds. Mrs. McGrath was frankly of the opinion that Mr. Trembath had celestial visions, and announced her fervent desire to visit his chamber on behalf of her daughter three years in Purgatory. For some time consideration for Mabel Elsie kept the whispering under a forcing pot, as it were; until the tales engendered were too horrible, and heads began to shake. Finally Mrs. Ellis out with it and declared that while she had a tongue in her head no neighbour of hers should have her character taken away, and tearfully made her way to Mabel Elsie's door. Mabel Elsie took it the wrong way.

A pack of scandal mongering hussies. Hadn't her father-in-law all that a man could want, and didn't she hope she might drop dead where she stood if she had ever touched a penny of his dirty money beyond what was her lawful due from

a troublesome lodger? Father-in-law or no father-in-law, she should like to know which among them would have refrained from prosecuting when the very change out of their Saturday's shopping was stolen from the dresser? It was time folks looked nearer home, and talking of that, how could Mrs. Ellis afford a new sofa out of Bill's wages and him always at the corner?

"And I'm sure I never breathed a word," panted Mrs. Ellis, "and if you ask me its more a matter for the parson than the police"; and a sympathetic murmur went up about the judgment of God. All this took place in the passage down stairs, and in the midst of it came a thin sound from Mr. Trembath's bedroom. The women drew together; but all agreed that though they were sorry for Mabel Elsie it couldn't have happened at a better moment. Mabel Elsie's jaw dropped, and she turned white and red.

One suggested that it was like a child singing, though Mrs. McGrath, as the mother of seven, firmly asserted that no earthly babe could make a noise like that. She was for going upstairs, but Bill Ellis happened to come in the nick of time.

"W'y its a 'cordion!" he cried. "Listen, the ole juggins is tryin' to play 'We wont go 'ome till mornin'";" and with uplifted finger he hoarsely sang the words. Some time was wasted in argument, and the sound brokenly ended. At last Bill took his courage in both hands, and with a great deal of unnecessary noise ascended the stairs. But when he reached Mr. Trembath's room he found the grey man lying dead,

clasping in his hand a sixpenny mouth organ. From his peaceful expression it may be surmised that the morning had come.

CHARLES MARRIOTT.



PAN AND PSYCHE

TO ANY HOUSEHOLDER.

Some general instinct has remained with men, so that the consensus of nations has been in favour of light colours—light tones, rather, of whatever colours—for the outward colouring of towns; with some lamentable exceptions. As a rule it has been accident, and not design, that has darkened the exterior of modern houses; we have in London the darkest walls that ever rebuffed the sun. It is the water-colour of the rain, with soot in her colour-box, and no fresco of man's preparation, that has arrayed them so. The washing of the exterior of St. Paul's would have been a better enterprise than the applications we know of within. But, short of this supreme degree of darkness, London had some time ago the unlucky inspiration to paint its houses, all about the West, in oil-colour of dark red. It was the complaint of the silk-stockinged century that the pedestrian must needs fare ill in town, for the same mud made black splashes on the white stockings, and white splashes on the black. In like manner the London climate that painted the light stone black, made the dark red (a most intolerable colour) a shade or two lighter with dust in time; after which some of the painted houses were reloaded with the red, and the owners of others had misgivings, and went back to the sticky white of custom.

The sticky white is bad enough, but it is witness to the general acknowledgment of the prohibition of dark colour, whether on our luckless walls of paint, or on the flattered, fortunate plaster of the south that softly lodges the warming day, and has its colour broken by the weather as an artist chooses to let a tint be effaced or an outline lapse. There is no surer distinction between an old Italian coloured house and a new than this: the new is dark and the old is pale. True, the new is coloured ill as well as darkly, and the old coloured finely (always warmly with variants of rose and yellow) as well as lightly; but the deep tone and the high are difference enough. The new man chooses chocolate-colour and dark blue; blue is his preference, and his blue jars with the sky.

The ancient man so used his beautiful distemper that it always looked not merely like a colour, but like a white coloured. The old under-white enlivens the thin and careless colour, somewhat like the soft flame of a lamp by day within a coloured paper. Moreover, the painter did his large and slight work on a simple wall, and not on the detail of cornice or portal. His colour took no account of the architectural forms; it was arbitrary, a decoration that neither followed nor contradicted the builder's design, but stood independent thereof, merely taking the limit of the wall as the boundary of the painting. Here again all the right guidance has forsaken the man of to-day, who takes the mouldings of his house one by one, and gives them separate colours.

Needless to say, the original colour of the stone is better

even than this happy plaster, when there is real colour in stone, greyish, greenish, yellowish, the natural metallic stain. It is all light in tone; nothing darker, I suppose, than the brown of the stone that built the Florentine palaces, and all else lighter. The quarry yields light colours in all countries, colours as pale as dust, but brighter in their paleness, with the greater keenness and freshness of the rock. But the nobler old stone has a kind of life in its colour, as though you could see some little way into it, as into a fruit or a child's flesh. Such is the old marble, but not the new.

We may suppose that it was because they had new marble and not old, as we understand old age for marble, that the Greeks were obliged to colour their temples. It is with something like dismay that we look where Ruskin points, at "temples whose azure and purple once flamed above the Grecian promontories." Were they azure indeed? It seems impossible to set any blue against a sky. Nay, the sky forbids blue walls. Be they dark or light, they must either repeat the celestial blue, or vary from it with an almost sickening effect. Who has not seen a blue Italian sky, blue as it is at midsummer right down to the horizon, at odds with a great blue house, either a little greener or a little more violet than itself? Blue is a colour that cannot bear such risks. And "purple" sounds dark, as though Greece might have had to endure a distress of colour such as that which comes of the thin dark slates of purple where-with our suburbs are roofed. If one could be justified, by any trace of colour in any chink, in believing that transparent

yellow and red, lighted by the marble, glowed upon those seaward heights and capes towards the sunrise, and that the noble stone was not quenched by azure and purple paint! Why then there would not be this discomfort in our thoughts of Grecian colour. Of some among the boldly and delicately-tinted old palaces of the Genoese coast you can hardly tell, at the hour of sunset, whether their rose is their own or the light's.

To the Londoner eye of Charles Dickens there seems to have been something gaily incongruous in a fortress house with walls centuries old, and barred with ancient iron across the lower windows, yet thus softly coloured; he expressed the cheerful liberal ignorance in which he travelled by calling one such palace a pink gaol; but this old faint scarlet is a strong colour as well as a soft; and above all it is warm. A cold colour, and no other, suggests meanness, insecurity, and indignity. Colour the battering walls of Monte Cassino, now warm with the hue of their stone, a harsh blue, and their visible power is gone; whereas no daubing with orange or rose, however it might disfigure them, would make them seem to fail. But a dark colour of any kind, whether hot or cold, would make them visibly lose their profound hold on their rock, and their long, searching, and ancient union with their mountain.

This is what the householder should be persuaded to consider—the harshness and weakness of the dark colour, the harmony and strength of that which is rather a white warmly

coloured. Any householder is master of a landscape, and the view is at his mercy. Everything may be set out of order by the hard colour and the paper thinness of his slate roof. See the dull country that the Channel divides, half of it on the Dover heights, and half on those of the Pas de Calais. It is all one dull country. It has not the beauty of downs, nor of pasture; it has neither trees nor a beautiful bareness; it has no dignity in the outlines of the hills; but the French side has the beauty of roofs, and the English side makes the very sunshine unsightly with towns and villages covered with slate. All the French roofs are light in their tone, silver greys, greenish greys in the towns, a pure high scarlet in the solitary farms. This kind of French tile retrieves all the poor landscape of patchwork fields, green and dull in their unshadowed noons. The red is strong, simple, and abrupt, a vermilion filled with yellow.

It is true that old village tiles are fine, although they be dark, but only on condition that the cottages they roof should be whitewashed or of a cheerful brick. There is brick and brick, and all the very light colours are good. Light rosy bricks and very small, long in shape, seem the most charming, and these are rare. Next come the coarse but admirable light yellow-red. But any man who builds a house of dark bricks inclining to purple and pointed with slate colour, would have done better to erect something in stucco with pillars and a portico. All kinds of red villas continue to crowd upon our sight, and it is to be feared that many a purchaser is afraid

that he shall be reproached with the crudity or the brightness of his house, and so makes the lamentable choice of dark bricks. But there is nothing more unreasonable than this perpetual complaint of the newness of new houses. Let the owner of a new house have the courage of his date. Let him be persuaded that a new house ought to look new, that the Middle Ages in their day looked as new and tight as a box of well-made toys, that he is bound to pay the debt of his own time, and that the light of the sky asks for recognition, for signals and conspicuous replies from the dwellings of men.

Let the mere white-washer, too, whose work is generally beneficent, and who has received undeserved reproaches for a long time now, let him beware of chilling his pail with blue tinges. The coastguard huts on the Cornish coast would be the better if their common touch of blue were forbidden them.

All this advice is, I know well, inexperienced, and backed by no learning. But it is urged with care and with comparison of countries by one who, in search of roofs and intent upon colours, has, in the remarkable words of Walt Whitman, "journeyed considerable."

ALICE MEYNELL.



QUEEN OF THE FISHES

THE ORACLE.

'Tis mute, the word they went to hear on high Dodona
 mountain
 When winds were in the oakenshaws, and all the cauldrons
 toll'd,
And mute's the midland navel-stone beside the singing fountain,
 And echoes list to silence now where gods told lies of old.
I took my question to the shrine that has not ceased from
 speaking,
 The heart within, that tells the truth and tells it twice as
 plain ;
And from the cave of oracles I heard the priestess shrieking
 That she and I should surely die and never live again.
O priestess, what you cry is clear, and sound good sense I
 think it,
 But let the screaming echoes rest and froth your mouth
 no more ;
'Tis true there's better boose than brine, but he that drowns
 must drink it ;
 And oh, my lass, the news is news that men have heard
 before.
*The King with half the East at heel is marched from lands of
 morning,
 Their fighters drink the rivers up, their shafts benight
 the air ;
And he that stands will die for naught, and home there's no
 returning,
The Spartans on the sea-wet rock sat down and combed
 their hair.*

A. E. HOUSMAN.

THE GENIUS OF POPE.

It can be easily shown that although the Restoration inaugurated in England an age of prose, yet the position of poetry as the chief and natural medium for pure literature was still accepted almost without question. For that reason Pope was taken in his own day to be the undisputed head and front of English letters. His contemporaries probably felt, as we feel, that Swift's was immeasurably the greater genius; but they held, and held rightly, that Pope in his work was the true representative of what has come to be called the Augustan literature. The two works in prose dating from that period which have sunk deepest into the mind of the race—*Robinson Crusoe* and *Gulliver's Travels*—were written by men who stood outside the main literary movement; for Defoe never at any time attained a place in the great literary coterie of which Swift, while he kept in touch with England, was a brilliant member; and Swift wrote *Gulliver* when lonely and rebellious in Ireland, thinking his own thoughts. Now the distinctive characteristic of the Augustan literature is that we have no longer in a book the mind of an individual, but the mind of a Society finding expression through the mouth of one of its members. It was a natural result of that

intellectual ascendancy of France, which at this time made itself so strongly felt; for the Frenchman is always social rather than individualist; and, at least in criticism, men had come to take their beliefs from France.

The cardinal point in these beliefs was that literature admitted of rules, which had been first formulated by Aristotle, after him by Horace, and finally by Boileau; and consequently, that the first duty of a writer was to be correct; to conform in poetry not only to the laws of grammar and of rhyme, but to certain other canons of taste hardly less definite. It is true that Milton, in no way touched by French ideas, attached importance to the Aristotelian criticism, and that in his *Samson* he worked on a Greek model. But then Milton knew Greek a great deal better than Pope knew any language but his own. In nothing is Pope more typical of his school than in constant lip-homage to the ancients whom he had never read. He translated Homer, it is true, but he founded his rendering mainly on other versions; he knew Virgil somewhat, but was evidently deaf and blind to the note of lyricism which pervades Virgil as it pervades the work of all great poets. What he did know was Horace; but all that he saw in Horace was the admirable expression of a sententious philosophy, the work of a "great wit." The word "wit" recurs perpetually in Pope's writings; it represents the goal of his ambitions; and he has defined it in a characteristic couplet:

True wit is nature to advantage dressed:
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.

But the function of a poet is not to separate and crystallise into compactness the common thought; it is rather to link it to infinities of association, to send it out trailing clouds of glory; to show the "primrose by the river brim" or the "flower in the crannied wall" as a single expression of forces making for beauty that sweep through the cosmos. Shakespeare abounds in sententious utterance; for instance:

We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

But here, apart from the large harmony of sound, apart from the intrinsic beauty of the words, is their dramatic fitness in Prospero's mouth, when his fairy masque fades suddenly, and he evokes the solemn images of all that we take to be least dreamlike, ending with "the great globe itself, yea all that it inherit." We cannot separate his aphorism and feel that we can see all around it, as we can with any characteristic utterance of Pope's, such as:

What can ennoble sots or fools or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

If one can assert anything positively in criticism, it is that Pope's ideal of poetry is unpoetic. But it does not follow that Pope was not a poet. That he was a great writer no one will deny. The disservice which Pope did to English literature—and it has been much exaggerated—is that he used his authority to formulate as possessing universal validity the rules which it suited his own genius to observe. His first

study was to be "correct;" to make the expression of his thought sharply defined in form, and completely intelligible; to exhaust in each phrase the content of his own meaning. Now, this is much easier to do if the thought is limited in volume, and Pope was never troubled with more thought than he could express. The words of the great poets came to us charged with suggestion; they convey more than they utter. Pope also can suggest, can hint by innuendo; but the innuendo is definite as the voice of scandal—as here:

Not louder shrieks to threat'ning heaven are cast
When husbands or when lapdogs breathe their last.

But he is never, at his best, able to do more than give perfect expression to a brilliant observation, so concise and logical, that it would seem to admit perfectly of translation into any language, losing nothing but the clench of rhyme; though here and there some individual colour given to a word might baffle rendering:

Narcissa's nature, *tolerably* mild,
To make a wash, would hardly stew a child.

Yet it sometimes happens that the master of prose can beat him on his own ground. "Who are the critics?" says Mr. Phoebus in Lord Beaconsfield's *Lothair*. "The critics are those who have failed in literature or in art." That is happier than Pope's lines:

Some are bewildered in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs nature meant but fools.
In search of wit these lose their common sense,
And then turn critics in their own defence.

It is seldom, however, that Pope can be excelled in condensation and the happy turn of a phrase. His workmanship everywhere approaches perfection. The inherent weakness of his poetry is, as Mark Pattison has pointed out, that the workmanship often outvalues the matter; that our admiration is compelled for the expression of a mean sentiment, a half-truth, or an ignorant fallacy. To his mastery of style Pope united no store of knowledge, no wide and lofty range of feeling. When his matter is intrinsically valuable apart from expression it consists in reflections upon the human life with which he was in contact socially. He is the poet of Society, and his observation, if acute, is often petty and malicious to a degree that spoils our pleasure in his triumphant mastery of language.

Yet if ever a man had a right to clement consideration, Pope was he. Externally, circumstances were kind to him. Born in 1688, the son of rich and kindly parents, he was stinted for nothing; his amazing precocity was in all ways encouraged. The *Pastorals*, which he published at the age of twenty-one (though much of them was written in boyhood), earned applause, and two years later his *Essay on Criticism* fixed his fame, and brought him into close personal relations with the leaders of taste. But to offset all this was the abiding misery of his physical disabilities. Dwarfish and deformed, he went through life in "one long disease." The stigma which deformity sets on a face in hard drawn lines of pain is often an evidence of tense intellectual power and resolute will; but it

often also indicates dangerous temper. Pope had much of the dwarf's traditional malice and long-minded resentment. His life was a long triumph, unaffected by political changes (for he stood outside of parties); but it was marred by the temper which made him see hostility where none existed, and poisoned every scratch of criticism; so that the most famous things in his work are bound up with the memory of literary feuds. Yet he inspired deep friendship. No letters in the world show a warmer feeling of one man for another than those which Swift wrote to him and about him.

Pope was best known in his own day by his translation of Homer—the most profitable book, financially, to its author that had ever been published in England. His most pretentious work, the *Essay on Man*, abounds in much-quoted distichs and is singularly barren of real thought. Those poems of Pope which the average reader to-day is likely to enjoy are first, the *Essay on Criticism*; secondly, the *Rape of the Lock*; and thirdly, the *Moral Essays*. To these may be added some superb passages in *The Dunciad*.

The *Essay on Criticism* will always please by sheer cleverness, and nothing could exceed it as a formal expiration of that age's æsthetic tenets. But its arrangement into headings and sub-headings like the model prize essay is too obvious, and even its cleverness is the precocious talent of immaturity.

Pope was never young. Yet something of the glow of youth is to be found in his exquisite *Rape of the Lock*

(written at the age of twenty-four) which can be best compared to one of those *Fetes Galantes* in which Watteau depicts a group of fine ladies and gentlemen taking their pleasure, and depicts it with a rich mastery of style which gives a dignity to the slight and artificial subject. The comparison, however, is inadequate, for throughout Pope's description, even while it conveys the very flutter of a fan, there runs an undertone of trenchant raillery. Here is Belinda at her first arising on the fatal day :

And now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears ;
The inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear ;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.

The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transformed to combs, the speckled, and the white,
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms ;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,

Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face ;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown ;
And Betty's praised for labours not her own.

For ten years (1715-1725) after the *Rape of the Lock*, Pope was busy with his great work of translation ; and during all these years he accumulated grudges against men who had vexed him by criticism a successful rivalry. Once his hands were free, he turned to a sweeping revenge, and, after three years polishing published *The Dunciad*, perhaps the greatest monument that a man ever erected to his petty personal resentment. It is characteristic of him, both as artist and man, that he was not content with the first publication, but issued a revised version twelve years later, when Colley Cibber, displacing Theobalds on the throne of Dulness, showed for a second time that Pope's notion of the arch-dunce was a potential rival. But most of his victims, competitors in the trial games instituted by the presiding goddess of Stupidity, are only remembered by his allusions ; the work cannot be read without detailed commentary ; and, like all satires applied to trivial dislikes and insignificant persons, the *Dunciad* has passed out of general knowledge. Yet it abounds in superb passages, of which one may be cited, describing a new labour of the competitors after the trial by braying :

This labour passed, by Bridewell all descend,
 (As morning prayer and flagellation end)
 To where Fleet-ditch with disemboгуing streams
 Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
 The king of dykes ! than whom no sluice of mud
 With deeper sable blots the silver flood.
 " Here strip, my children ! here at once leap in,
 Here prove who best can dash through thick and thin,
 And who the most in love of dirt excel,
 Or dark dexterity of groping well."

But the mere technical mastery in expressing unworthy hatred gives no man a long lease of posterity's ear. Pope survives as a satirist by those *Moral Essays* (couched in the form of Epistles to persons of distinction) which deal with particular examples of general themes. Here is a part of the passage in which he illustrates the persistence of a ruling passion :

"Odious ! in woollen ! 'twould a saint provoke,"
 (Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke)
 "No, let a charming chintz, and Brussels lace
 Wrap my cold limbs and shade my lifeless face :
 One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—
 And—Betty—give this cheek a little red."

Here again from the essay on the characters of women, is a sketch of what many take to be a type known only to-day :

Flavia's a wit, has too much sense to pray ;
 To toast our wants and wishes, is her way ;
 Nor asks of God, but of her stars, to give
 The mighty blessing, "while we live to live."
 Then all for death, that opiate of the soul !

Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.
Say, what can cause such impotence of mind ?
A spark too fickle, or a spouse too kind ?
Wise wretch ! with pleasures too refined to please ;
With too much spirit to be e'er at ease ;
With too much quickness ever to be taught ;
With too much thinking to have common thought :
You purchase pain with all that joy can give,
And die of nothing but a rage to live.

There is no end to things in Pope as good and as quotable, and, perhaps one may say, as little known. What everybody does know is the portrait which he drew of "Atticus," and published when Addison was dead.

It is worth while to compare this with Dryden's sketch of Shaftesbury. Achitophel's ill qualities as statesman are first depicted with damning emphasis ; but, as a real offset there follows the passage that praises the upright judge. Pope, on the other hand, leads off with his eulogy, saying of Addison what all the world said, and saying it better : then after this ostentation of impartiality comes the subtle onslaught, stab upon stab, with the venom of contemptuous ridicule left in every wound. The passage has been taken, and rightly, for Pope's most typical achievement in poetry : beside it we can put nothing from him but the fiercer attack on Sporus (Lord Hervey), or the close of the *Dunciad* which celebrates the final triumph of the Dull. These are the things of which we feel that verse is an essential part ; that emotion so vibrant demands metrical expression. Such other passages as the eulogy of

"The Man of Ross," a Welsh philanthropist, need the verse,—form in another sense ; without it they would be insignificant. But Pope's poetry, where it has the character of true poetry, is always the utterance of a strong passion—the passion of hate. And herein he differs from many other satirists, but above all from the greatest of all British satirists, his friend Swift, in that his hatred was not for principles but for persons ; not for man or men, but this or that individual. Literary and social jealousy is the strongest of all his feelings. All the more wonderful is it that the friendship between him and Swift should have lasted out life in both, though tried by so severe a test as collaboration and partnership. But the credit of this belongs, I think, not to Pope.

STEPHEN GWYNN.



BIRDALONE.

POOR LITTLE MRS. VILLIERS.

"Where is little Mrs. Villiers?" demanded Miss Hooley. The question was prefaced by a disconcerting gaze directed towards the new-comer in the seat opposite—a seat presumably occupied as a rule by the lady of the diminutive.

Mrs. Lawrence concealed a smile. Though her school-days were now somewhat dim memories, she felt distinctly like the new girl who is expected to apologize for her existence. Glancing down the long table she was aware that a *pension* bore a ghastly resemblance to a boarding-school, twenty years after. Was "little Mrs. Villiers" the popular girl, she wondered? And if so, on what grounds?

"She's changed her place," volunteered Miss Pembridge, a spare lady, who dressed with the chastened smartness of one ever mindful of her high calling as the niece of a bishop.

"Oh! I'm so sorry. She will be a great loss to our table, dear little thing," exclaimed Miss Mullins. She delivered the remark, amiable in substance, with the air of one hurling a bomb-shell, and Mrs. Lawrence awaited the explosion of the apparently harmless missile with some curiosity. Its effect was almost instantaneous.

"That's entirely a matter of opinion," ejaculated Miss Rigg, her opposite neighbour. The observation was attended by a prolonged sniff, and Miss Mullins' comfortable fat face

slowly crimsoned with indignation. While she meditated a sufficiently crushing retort, her opportunity for making it was cut short by the first speaker.

"Where's she going to sit then?" enquired Miss Hooley, refusing macaroni with the air of one wearied with an oft repeated performance.

"There, of course," returned Miss Rigg, sniffing again, as she nodded in the direction of a small table near the wall.

At the table indicated a young man was already seated. His shamefaced manner of glancing about the room while he eat his soup, not only proclaimed him a fresh arrival, but one somewhat overwhelmed by the eternal feminine.

"That's too bad of you," stammered Miss Mullins. "Poor little thing!—under the circumstances too."

"The very circumstances you'd expect it under," returned Miss Rigg, with an acrimony as obvious as her sentence was obscure.

"I agree with Miss Mullins entirely. Potatoes raw again," exclaimed Miss Hooley.

During the course of the dinner, Mrs. Lawrence learnt to disentangle this lady's ejaculations about the food, from the main trend of her conversation, but the effect was at first confusing.

"She's very late," ventured Miss Pembridge diluting with filtered water the dangerous strength of her *vin ordinaire*.

"Got to dress up for the occasion of course," was Miss Rigg's instant explanatinon. "Ah! here she comes, at last.

Now you'll see whether I'm right ! ”

Mrs. Lawrence looked up with interest as the door opened, and noticed that “ little Mrs. Villiers ” was not only very pretty but also singularly childish in appearance.

Her hair—soft brown fluffy hair, hung in baby tendrils on her forehead and round her little ears, and her wide opened blue eyes had the wondering half startled child-look so touching in baby faces. She was very simply dressed in white muslin, and a row of pink corals round her throat, emphasised her youth, and the charming innocence of her expression. At the door she paused a moment, with an air of hesitation, and a surprised glance to find all the seats at the long table occupied.

Guiseppe, the waiter, darted forward. “ Madame is placed at the little table to-night,” he explained, leading the way.

“ Oh ! is my place changed then ? ” she murmured, following.

“ *Very* much surprised, no doubt,” ejaculated the irrepressible Miss Rigg in a triumphant undertone.

“ If there's anything I despise it's a spiteful mind. Boiled beef again,” said Miss Hooley in something that was intended for a whisper.

Mrs. Lawrence, meanwhile, watched with some curiosity the effect produced upon the grave young man across the room, by the sudden appearance of youth and beauty at his lonely table. He reddened visibly ; moved forks and spoons about with nervous hesitation, and kept his eyes fixed upon the rim of his plate.

Little Mrs. Villiers studied the *menu*, and Mrs. Lawrence was recalled to a sense of social duty by a remark from her too long neglected left hand neighbour. •

Glancing at the small table at a later stage in the dinner, she was amused to see the young people chattering like a couple of children. Now that the boy had lost his awkward shyness, she thought him a somewhat engaging youth, frank, boyish and apparently enthusiastic; and his companion was charming.

She said as much to the lady on her left, whose assent was accompanied by a lowering of eyelids, and just the flicker of a smile at the corner of a humourous mouth.

The *pension* drawing-room was much like other pension drawing-rooms she found, later on, when everyone trooped towards it.

The usual little groups, which included the few men of the party, gathered round the card tables. Nondescript ladies with knitting, lined the walls. A strenuous, unattached woman studied *Baedeker*, and with her short-skirted friend, planned out a fierce day's work for the morrow. Groups of ordinary girls, chattered and giggled, and the usual people drew white shawls about their shoulders, discussed the treacherous nature of the Italian climate, grumbled about the food, and felt the customary draught.

Mrs. Lawrence moved her chair nearer to Mrs. Coltingham, the woman who had attracted her at dinner, and whose circumstances she had already discovered to be much like her own.

She too was a childless widow, who had let her London house to find in travel the mental stimulus denied her in a somewhat empty and monotonous life.

"Where is the pretty little lady?" she began tentatively, with a glance round the room.

Before Mrs. Coltingham could reply, Miss Rigg had looked up from her knitting. "Oh! you'll find her in the passage, flirting with the boy," she announced with a laugh.

"*Flirting!* Poor little thing! I *think* her sad circumstances might protect her!" declared Miss Mullins, the stout lady Mrs. Lawrence had already designated as the "mother-sheep."

"Sad circumstances! I was brought up to consider divorced women not respectable," retorted Miss Rigg, warming to the fight.

"*She* divorced *him* remember!" returned Miss Mullins, pink in her defence of a sister woman.

"It makes a difference of course," remarked Miss Pembridge with maidenly hesitation. "Its not a subject one cares to talk about—quite. Still, sacred as the married tie is—"

"Sacred fiddlesticks!" interposed Miss Hooley, glaring at Miss Pembridge whom she detested. "Men are a lot of brutes, and if a few more women would divorce 'em before they married 'em, so much the better!"

Mrs. Lawrence and Mrs. Coltingham exchanged glances which led to a slightly abrupt change of seat on the part of both ladies.

At the further end of the drawing-room, when she could control her voice, Mrs. Coltingham remarked. "This happens every night, directly Mrs. Villiers' name is mentioned. We are frank in discussion to say the least of it. But you see most of us have lived here all the winter, and perhaps we know one another a little too well."

Mrs. Lawrence smiled "It's amusing at first, but I can imagine it palls . . . Who is this little 'Mrs. Villiers?'"

"No one knows, except that she has divorced *Mr.* Villiers, whoever he may be."

"She looks such a child!" "But children nowadays are precocious."

Mrs. Lawrence laughed. "You don't like her?"

"Oh! I didn't say that returned the other lady. Precocious children are sometimes amusing you know, and after four months in a foreign *pensión*, one welcomes anything that's amusing. The house is torn by faction on her account." she went on still smiling.

"She has her devoted adherents, and her no less devoted enemies. Each party discusses her all day long, and I believe, far into the night. Every other topic fades into insignificance before the burning question of Mrs. Villiers' innocence and integrity, versus her depravity and guile."

"And to which side do you incline?"

Mrs. Coltingham shrugged her shoulders. "I—Oh, a plague on both your houses' is my attitude," she returned lightly. "To me she is merely an amusing little person."

In the vestibule, on her way upstairs to bed, Mrs. Lawrence passed little Mrs. Villiers and the boy. The vestibule, comfortably furnished and heated, was used as a second drawing-room by the visitors, and this evening it was fairly full.

Mrs. Villiers and her companion were seated near the door, and were evidently discussing art.

"Yes, I *love* pictures too," the little lady was saying as Mrs. Lawrence approached. "But I'm so ignorant about them. If only I could do the galleries with someone who—"

"If you—I mean, might I? could we sometimes," stammered the boy.

"Oh, *would* you? That would be splendid!" returned his companion in the natural delighted voice of a child. "I've been longing—"

By this time the deaf old lady stationed immediately in front of the door, had become aware that she was being requested to move, and Mrs. Lawrence was able to make her escape.

"I believe she's quite a nice little thing," she reflected on her way up to bed, carrying with her the memory of a girlish unaffected voice. "What a set these boarding house women are, to be sure."

In the course of the next few weeks Mrs. Lawrence learnt that "the boy" bore the not uncommon name of Brown, that this drawback notwithstanding, he was as she described him, "a delightful young fellow"—fresh, unaffected

and unusually boyish; also that he was falling hopelessly in love with Mrs. Villiers. Mrs. Lawrence was not surprised. She herself had fallen in love with little Mrs. Villiers. The child was only two and twenty she discovered, and such a dear baby at that. It was impossible to realise that this fresh, girlish creature had experienced not only a woman's tragedy, in a wretched marriage, but also the humiliation and pain of the only escape the law provides. Hers Mrs. Lawrence reflected, was one of the rare temperaments over which evil has no power—the radiant joyous child-nature for which every day the world is newly created, and yesterday has no existence.

Only once had she ever mentioned her husband's name to Mrs. Lawrence, and on that occasion the elder woman had smiled tenderly over the sweet *naïvete* of her little friend.

It was while they were walking together in the Boboli Gardens one warm afternoon in February, that Mrs. Villiers met an acquaintance. Mrs. Lawrence had already noticed this woman as she came towards them down one of the long tunnel-like avenues, and noticed her with disapproval. Showily dressed, obviously painted, walking with an exaggeration of the fashionable gait of the moment, her fastidious judgment had instantly affixed to her the label "*bad style*." It was therefore with a shock, the reverse of pleasant, that she found such an individual stridently claiming acquaintance with her little companion. Mrs. Lawrence walked on, and in a few moments Mrs. Villiers overtook her, a pink flush of annoy-

ance on her face.

She was silent for a moment, and then glancing up, she said abruptly: "You hated the look of that woman?"

"Well!—to be quite frank"—began Mrs. Lawrence.

"I know! I know!" she interrupted hastily. "She—She—was one of my husband's friends. I was obliged then—" she broke off, her voice trembling a little.

They were alone in the avenue, and Mrs. Lawrence put a kind hand on her arm.

"I understand dear, of course. But now you are free, there is no occasion to know such people. Take my advice—drop her. Drop her at once."

"Oh, I *will*!" she returned with an energy which made the elder woman laugh.

"But how unlucky she should be staying in Florence! . . . I had to know all sorts of people you see. And some of them—" she paused again; and Mrs. Lawrence experienced the rush of indignant pity one feels for a child exposed to evil influences.

"Oh! I'm so glad that's all over," she sighed.

"Yes," said Mrs. Villiers, simply. "It was dreadful of course. But people were very kind to me, and helped me to get free. And now, do you know, unless something like this happens to remind me, I have forgotten it."

She turned her wide opened blue eyes full upon Mrs. Lawrence, with an innocent surprised gravity which touched the elder women.

"That's right dear," she replied heartily. "It's the best thing that could happen."

"But," Mrs. Villiers added, "you're quite right about Mrs. — about the woman who spoke to me just now. I won't know her any more. I can't bear to think of knowing her when there are dears like you in the world," she added slipping her hand into Mrs. Lawrence's. "You don't think it's forward of me, saying that, do you?" she enquired, an anxious little pucker appearing on her downy forehead. "I've known you quite a little while, but I don't remember my mothor you see; and somehow—"

The sweetness in her appealing voice made Mrs. Lawrence, who did not look matronly, ashamed of the twinge she felt.

"Yes my dear," she laughed. "I'm getting quite an old woman of course, but a mother's a nice thing after all."

"Oh a *very* nice thing," agreed Mrs. Villiers, patting her friend's hand.

The "idyll" as she called the increasingly intimate friendship of the "Brown boy" and little Mrs. Villiers, became a source of much affectionate interest to Mrs. Lawrence. She watched its progress delightedly, and as she stood at the drawing-room window one afternoon, and saw them start on an expedition to Fiesole, her satisfaction overflowed into a comment addressed to Mrs. Coltingham, the only other occupant of the room.

"They will make a charming pair!" she exclaimed.

"I do so want to see the beautiful Mino da Fiesole in the

church," murmured Mrs. Coltingham in such admirable imitation of a certain babyish voice, that in spite of her annoyance, Mrs. Lawrence laughed.

"You are not fair to that child," she exclaimed after a moment, with some heat.

"Oh! I think I do her justice," returned the other lady.

Mrs. Lawrence had intended asking Mrs. Coltingham to accompany her to the *Uffizi* that afternoon, but she refrained. There were moments when she did not like Mrs. Coltingham. It was all very well to be a woman of the world; she, Mrs. Lawrence, was that herself, heaven was aware, but it was another thing to be hard and suspicious; to feel no pity for youth and misfortune so touchingly allied as in the case of little Mrs. Villiers. She was disappointed in Mrs. Coltingham. It was sad to have to admit that even a woman so much above the average as this one, could not rise above vulgar prejudice.

It was with these reflections passing through her mind, while she stood buttoning her gloves in the hall, that she encountered the *padrone*, Signora Valli, also ready to start from the house.

Mrs. Lawrence was going in her direction. She would in that case be more than charmed to accompany her. *Ecco!* The post. Two for Madame Lawrence. Ah! one, and she hoped a pleasant one, for dear little Mrs. Villiers, the rest Guiseppe could sort, and arrange on the hall table.

Thus, amidst torrents of English fluent enough if strongly

flavoured with foreign accent, they emerged from the *pension* on to the Lung Arno.

"Mrs. Villiers is a favourite of yours I know," hazarded Mrs. Lawrence. "Did you know her before she came here?" But no, it was only since her arrival from England some weeks since, so touching, so forlorn, that she had grown into the heart of Signora Valli.

Did she know anything of Mr. Villiers? The Signora knew as much as she required of him. Must he not be a brute, a villain, a devil, who with such an angel to wife, could maltreat and insult her? A child! A baby! Of a disposition innocent and loving to a degree which the Signora had never seen equalled. Of a temper saintly in its sweetness.

"Her temper is *perfect*!" agreed Mrs. Lawrence, recalling with indignation, many a veiled insult borne with admirable patience.

The Signora's face darkened. It was not for her to say a word. Of necessity she must be silent. Never could she open her lips to discuss the guests in her house. At the same time there were people possessed of minds so evil, of tongues so venomous, of hearts so black that the sight of youth, innocence and beauty did but enrage them. For such individuals contempt, silent contempt was the only possible treatment. The Signora accordingly proceeded to subject them to a course of contempt from which the silence was omitted and so overwhelming was her eloquence that Mrs. Lawrence, deciding that her head was not sufficiently strong this afternoon, to look

at pictures, took instead the tram to Fiesole, where the air would be fresh and invigorating.

It was a glorious day, and she lingered some time in the garden of the restaurant which provides tea and a magnificent prospect, before she crossed the Piazza to enter the little church.

Shafts of misty sunlight struck across the aisle and wavered on the pillars. The church was empty, and solemn in its silence. Treading lightly, as though afraid to disturb its quiet, Mrs. Lawrence crossed the stone pavement, and was half-way up the staircase leading to one of the side chapels, when she was arrested by the sound of a low agitated voice, the voice of the Brown boy.

"I'm poor Kitty, but I'll work day and night for you if you will say yes. I love you so much. If you would only let me take care of you ; if you—"

Mrs. Lawrence turned and noiselessly retraced her steps, down the stairs, across the stone pavement, and out into the sunny piazza.

She was smiling, but there were tears in her eyes. In almost the same words, had her own dead husband proposed to her. She could hear in fancy, his voice, as he said "I'm poor, Mildred, but I'll work—and I love you." Well ! They had been very happy. And now life was just beginning for these two young things ; a happy life, surely. Why not ? Tender memories came crowding to her mind as she crossed the piazza, but in the midst of them, she found herself smiling. A chapel, even such a secluded chapel as that she had left, was

a somewhat dangerous place for a declaration. "But bless the boy, he'd have proposed in the *pension* drawing-room just then! You could hear it in his voice," she commented mentally. How pretty 'Kitty' must have looked leaning against the rail of that concealed altar, and listening with half averted head!

She had reached the tram by this time, and had taken her place for the descent, when a moment later the young people also entered. Mrs. Lawrence was vexed. She had hoped to get safely away before they left the chapel, and now her presence would necessitate ceremonious behaviour.

The boy looked anything but glad to see her, she observed with rueful amusement, but Kitty was even more affectionate than usual, and her lively talk never ceased till the *pension* door was reached.

Her letter was lying on the hall table, when they entered, and she took it with a quick movement. "Come out just a little while," Mrs. Lawrence heard the boy pleading in an undertone, as she was preparing to go upstairs.

But Mrs. Villiers excused herself. "Not *just* yet. I'm tired. I shall see you this evening," she replied in a voice which, though hurried, retained all its caressing quality.

She ran upstairs, opening the letter as she went, and Mrs. Lawrence, wondering a little, heard her own name pronounced by the boy.

"Will *you* come out a little while?" he begged with so much eagerness that she turned and followed him at once with

an assenting smile.

They walked some way along the Lung Arno in silence.

The boy was obviously nervous, and a little troubled, but she waited for him to begin. "Mrs. Lawrence," he burst out suddenly. "You are so clever, I believe you know that I—I mean—I have asked Kitty—Mrs. Villiers to marry me, in fact," he concluded. His voice lost its hesitation, as he drew himself up. He spoke like a man, and Mrs. Lawrence liked him greatly.

"Yes," she replied. "I am very glad."

"I hoped you would be," he said eagerly. "Because I want you to help me."

"To help you?"

"Yes—about Kitty. You see," he hesitated, "I can't get her to promise. I—I—believe she cares for me," he gulped, grew red, and went on. "I'm *sure* she does." "But it's natural she should hesitate just at first. She's had an *awful* time you know. And when a woman's had an experience like that,"—his face darkened—"no wonder *she*—"

"But, Mrs. Lawrence, you believe I mean to be good to her don't you?" He swung round, stopped short, and his honest, anxious eyes met hers as he faced her.

"I am sure of it," she said quietly.

"Well then, will you tell her so? She's fond of you—she trusts you. You're going to take her to the ball to-night aren't you?"

"Yes, but you're coming too?" she asked in surprise.

"No,—she doesn't want me to come. I mean—she's upset, and she's afraid people might talk. And perhaps she's right. You will have an opportunity, driving there and back, won't you, to—say what you can for me."

The entertainment to which at a ridiculously late hour the same evening, Mrs. Lawrence found herself driving with little Mrs. Villiers was the gigantic crush known as the Foreigners' ball, held at the Borghese Palace. It had been arranged for some time that she, Mrs. Villiers, and "the boy" should look in for an hour or two more for the sake of seeing the palace and watching the people, than with any idea of dancing in the somewhat impossible crowd. The evening's amusement had been gaily planned, and Mrs. Lawrence felt it depressing to step into the carriage without the boy, and to watch him gazing wistfully after them from the doorstep of the *pension*. "Couldn't we have taken him?" she asked, a shade of reproach in her voice, as they drove away. She had purposely busied herself with her wraps while he was folding Mrs. Villiers' frothy dress round her little feet, and she did not see his last glance; but the voice in which he said "Goodbye, I hope you'll have a lovely time," moved her ridiculously.

Mrs. Villiers who was looking out of the window, turned and laid a deprecating hand on her arm.

"I am so confused," she said hesitatingly. "Won't you let me think quietly for a little while?" And Mrs. Lawrence acquiescing, mentally deferred all the wise gentle things she meant to say, till the homeward drive.

The palace a blaze of light, a riot of colour with its crimson carpets, its banks of red and white camellias, —swarmed and buzzed with the crowd which streamed through its galleries, through its ante-rooms, and stood closely packed in its marble pillared ballroom.

Dazed by the light, bewildered with the roar of talk, as they passed from one room to another, it was not for some time that Mrs. Lawrence became aware that her companion had been separated from her in the throng, and was no longer by her side.

An exclamation of annoyance escaped her lips at the discovery. How to find her again in a crowd so dense? For some time she wandered aimlessly from room to room, till wearied by what she felt was a fruitless search, she sank into a vacant seat, backed by a group of palms, and determined to wait. Chance might as well direct her friend's steps to this, as to any other spot, and in any case there was nothing to be done.

She was tired. The brilliant lights hurt her eyes; the incessant talking and laughing of the passing crowd fatigued her, and she found herself wondering why Mrs. Villiers had insisted upon coming to such a place to "think quietly."

"Restless I suppose," poor little thing, was her answer to the question—"restless and troubled. I know the feeling, and the longing to smother it in outward gaiety and confusion. If only——"

A woman's voice almost at her ear disturbed her reflec-

tion, and she started before she realised that the speaker was not addressing her, but was on the other side of the bank of palms.

"Let's sit here, and trust she won't find us!" The words were accompanied by a laugh, and a rustling, as the speaker evidently settled herself in a chair.

"Seen her?" returned the thick voice of a man.

"No, but she's here. I had a note from her just before I started to say she was coming. Wants to blackguard me to my face, no doubt. Her letter was bad enough."

The man laughed. Rather sick I suppose?

Not the word—*furious*. "You see she's been hanging about here all the winter waiting for him, and now——" the speaker broke into an uncontrollable fit of giggling. "Well!" she went on presently, recovering herself, "It wasn't my fault. How should I know he'd changed his plans and gone to Rome instead. I wrote directly I found out, and the letter reached her just after the wrong man proposed." Another laugh drowned the next few words. "It all fitted in so well, you see. I told her he was a silly gaby, awfully green and young; and of course she saw letters of his addressed to Mildbough Park. The boy he teaches, is a kid of twelve, but he writes to the whole family. They love him, I believe—treat him like a friend."

"Worth a good deal, aren't they?" the man enquired.

"Oh, disgustingly rich. Old Brown was a cotton spinner or something. Anyway he's made his pile. The

son's about five and twenty, and the old boy thinks its time he married."

"And she knew all this?"

"Of course. I told her. Thought I'd do her a good turn; but I ought to have known better than to put myself out, for the little vixen."

"And so she's been wasting her baby talk on the tutor, thinking?—" The man's voice trailed off into suppressed laughter.

"Yes! oh, she must have had a beastly dull time. So afraid of risking anything; she'd hardly speak to me when I met her the other day. . . . Called Brown too, you see. Millionaires oughtn't to be allowed to have names their tutors are likely to have as well! It's too confusing, especially when—"

"Hulloa! Kit's found you!" interrupted the man's voice in consternation. "Leave you ladies to fight it out—no place for me."

Mrs. Lawrence, who till the last moment had heard the conversation indifferently, scarcely aware that she was listening, rose all at once unsteadily to her feet, not however, before she could escape the sound of a voice she knew—a childish voice, though shaken with fury. "So here you are, you low little beast! This was to pay me out for that Jim Blake affair, I suppose—"

She roused to consciousness of her surroundings only when she found herself crossing a street, bareheaded, aimlessly

wondering how she could get a carriage.

Somehow or other she had forced her way out of the glare and dazzle of the Palace; and now she was thankful to be overtaken by an empty *fiacre* and driven home.

Rising early, after a sleepless night, she dressed and stole softly downstairs, with the intention of walking a little before breakfast. The *pensión* servants were already astir. The hall was full of luggage, and as she passed the trunks on her way to the door, she saw that they belonged to Mrs. Villiers, and were labelled *Roma*.

It was at the sunset hour, wearied and saddened by the events of the day, that she climbed the heights of San Miniato.

Her thoughts were set towards England, now that spring was here. She was to leave Florence the following morning, and she found herself feverishly longing for the hour of departure. The *pensión* had become unendurable. She recalled with disgust the chatter of the lunch table; the conjectures, the surmises, the dark prophecies, the feeble defence. Miss Pembridge's downcast eyes and chaste expression. Miss Hooley's ejaculatory violence; the platitudes of Miss Mullins. How tired she was of them all! and yet to recall their imbecilities with half contemptuous amusement, was a relief, since it afforded her a moment's forgetfulness of her interview with "the boy." To efface that memory would be a work of time. He had already left the *pensión*, on the plea of an urgent summons from England. But though Mrs. Lawrence knew he intended to wait for the night train, it was

with a shock of surprise that she saw him leaning on the parapet which bounds the piazza of San Miniato. The great open space beneath the church, was empty, save for his solitary figure. While Mrs. Lawrence hesitated he turned with an abrupt movement, and she saw his haggard young face outlined for a moment against the sky. Then, without seeing her, he moved quickly away, and plunging down the steps between the cypresses, was lost to sight.

Mrs. Lawrence crossed to the place where he had stood, and looked down over the city. The fires of the sunset had faded, and all the hollow valley was filled with a violet haze, through which the river gleamed pale, a magic stream, holding in its depths jewels and shafts of light: gold and silver, and emerald. Half veiled in swimming vapour, the spires and domes, campaniles and towers rose from a city, breathless and spellbound. Groups of cypresses lifted dark fingers towards the sky, which began to be pierced with trembling stars.

NETTA SYRETT.

BLINDNESS.

Since I have learned Love's shining alphabet,
And spelled in ink what's writ in me in flame,
And borne her sacred image richly set
Here in my heart to keep me quit of shame ;

Since I have learned how wise and passing wise
Is the dear friend whose beauty I extol,
And know how sweet a soul looks through the eyes
That are so pure a window to her soul ;

Since I have learned how rare a woman shows
As much in all she does as in her looks,
And seen the beauty of her shame the rose,
And dim the beauty writ about in books ;

All I have learned, and can learn, shows me this—
How scant, how slight, my knowledge of her is.

JOHN MASEFIELD.



THE TRUMPETER.

THE MERCHANT KNIGHT.

A Romance translated from the Portuguese of Gonsalo Fernandez Trancoso. (1585).

Scarcely anything appears to be known of the life of Gonsalo Fernandez Trancoso, the author of the following story, except that he was a native of the little town in Beira from which he derived his name, that he professed mathematics, and published a small book on the ascertainment of moveable feasts, and died between 1585 and 1596. Two parts of his "Profitable Tales" were published by himself in the former year, and a third was added after his death by his son.

The collective title of Trancoso's stories shows that they were written with a moral purpose, and some are merely anecdotes. A few are of greater compass, including a version of the tale of Griselda, and the story now translated. The great superiority of this to the others renders it probable that it is founded upon, and closely follows, some old romance now lost. This may well have originated in the time of Edward the Third, when the connection between England and Portugal was especially intimate, and the English frequently came to the assistance of the Portuguese in their wars with Castile. If written after the Spanish conquest of Portugal in 1580, it may even have been intended to remind the Portuguese of this ancient alliance, and suggest that help might be had from England.

This story is not, like most of Trancoso's, spoiled by tedious moralising. It does not attempt any delineation of character or vivid individual portraiture, nor has it anything of the poetical charm of "Aucassin and Nicolette." But it is inspired by a thoroughly romantic spirit, and in its transparent simplicity of style affords a refreshing contrast to the exaggerated conceits of so much of the prose fiction of its day. It was written in the most flourishing age of Portuguese literature, and its diction is worthy of the period.

Trancoso's stories were popular in their own country in their day, but have not, so far as we are aware, been hitherto translated or noticed out of Portugal. The last edition was in 1722. All are rare: one of the two in the British Museum is not mentioned by any bibliographer.

Once upon a time there dwelt in a city of Portugal a rich merchant who had a discreet and clever son, well seen in all the accomplishments that would befit a youth of birth, versed in Latin and Greek, a graceful dancer, a skilful player on the guitar and all other instruments, a perfect horseman and expert in every warlike exercise ; insomuch that if his merit were regarded rather than his birth, he might adorn the court of the greatest monarch in the world. Being thus accomplished, his father could not train him to traffic as he would fain have done, for this the youth disdained, and would rather mate with the nobles and show forth his skill in their exercises than earn all the treasure his father promised him. Insomuch that at four and twenty he was putting no hand to his father's business, not by reason of ill habits or disobedience, but following his own way, by which he deemed some time to attain to honour. One day his father bade him go and market at Medina fair ; but he made some seemly excuse, and said that if his father so willed he would go as a merchant to Fez, with which we were then at peace. And this he said not as having a mind to buy and sell, for his thoughts were set on higher things, but he longed to behold the pastimes and exercises of the African horsemen, and the Moorish jennets, so renowned throughout the world. And his father gave him three thousand crusadoes, and he departed in a ship with other merchants, some going to prove what the Moors might have to sell, and others what the Moors might desire to buy. And thus having come to that city, everyone went whither his inclination led him, some to

the weavers of carpets to buy of their stock, or have others wrought according to their own pattern ; others to purchase table-linen, Moorish haiks, and the like ; and thus each one bought what he would of what he found in the land. But our youth inquired of nought respecting merchandise, but learned where the place of exercises was, and on the first holiday, which was the day after his coming, went thither to see how the people of that country rode, and what was the gear of their horses. And noting some particular things he saw a Moor of about fifty years well mounted, and with him two young sons of graceful bearing, and observing that by the negligence of their servants their saddle-girths were fastened amiss, he gave them warning, whereat they were glad, and gazed upon him, and he upon every one. And of all he saw no one seemed to him better seated than the old Moor, and so pleased was he that he uttered this in the hearing of many, who came around him and said that since he knew the seat of a cavalier so well it was right that he himself should be seen on horseback, and each offered him his own steed to mount, which he declined, thinking it discourteous to make the lender go on foot. But the Moor, hearing this, straightway sent to his own house for a horse and offered it to him, saying : " Take this, for I ween that these gentlemen who thought to humble us by their politeness, and that you had no such seat in the saddle as they, will be humbled themselves when your good seat is seen of them ; and I and those whom you commended will remain content with the lesson you will have given them." The youth

thanked him much for these good words, mounted the horse with great agility, and gave two courses and a volt in the field of exercise, showing that he understood what he was speaking of, for he did it with such grace and dash that all deemed him worthy of their company and conversation, though before they had despised him as but a merchant. And the old man and his sons rode with him to his hostelry, where all alighted, and at the old man's importunity he removed to his house, where he gained the love of the sons until death, as though they had been brothers, and the old man treated him as a son, and gave him to eat of our dishes that are not made in Barbary, and showed him as much honour as if he had been a prince. And in truth the young man was of noble nature, and well trained and fit for any company, and well seen of all, and thus he spent in the Moor's house all the time that his companions were buying their merchandise and preparing for their voyage home. But it now being time for them to return to the ship lying in the harbour ready to sail, they came to tell him : " Sir, despatch your goods and victuals, for we depart in three days." Hearing this he spoke to his host, and said : " Sir, I know not how I can repay the favours and great honours which you have done me, and pray you to hold me at your service and command me at your discretion, for, saving in what concerns the Faith, there is nothing you could require of me that I would not do. I say this, inasmuch as my companions are departing, and I would return with them, and I have provided nothing ; wherefore it behoves me to quit

the much that is made of me in this house, and set myself to work to lay out certain monies which my father gave me wherewith to traffic here, which as yet I have not done," The Moor hearing this answered : " Sir, so long as I live, whenever you are in this country, you shall always receive in my house this little service which I render you now, and I will not suffer that you should go elsewhere until the hour of your departure ; and should you have anything to buy, and need my aid for this, I will do all your pleasure, and whatsoever you may send to your country shall be stored in my house. And take heed to send no provision for your voyage on shipboard, for my wife will provide it." The youth thanked him for his favour and said : " Sir, I am not a merchant, and never was, and know nothing of the business ; may it please you therefore of your goodness, since you promise me aid and favour, to lay out by the advice of merchants or by your own judgment the three thousand crusadoes which I have here, in any manner which seems good and profitable." The Moor looked on him and said : " If you would take to your own land what will bring honour and profit for you and your father, I counsel you to buy the bones of a holy Christian martyred here, whom the Christians hold in great veneration. These have come down by descent from father to son from him who first had them, and are rated at three thousand crusadoes, and are proved to be relics of the greatest worth ; and learned Moors affirm that the Christian who shall ransom them shall have great honour and advantage, and that the Moor who shall cause them to be

translated to a Christian land shall have great wealth and worship among Christians, and shall save his body and soul from every ill. And although it is long that these bones have been here, no Christian has been willing to ransom them at so high a rate ; but do you takethem upon my counsel, and trust to what I say." The Christian deeming him a man of truth, consented, and went with him to the house where the relics were to be found, and paid him that owned them, and when they were brought to the Moor's dwelling his wife, children, and household received them with great veneration, and made a coffer in which to put them, lined within and without with crimson velvet, with nails and embroidery of gold. And thus he was despatched to his ship, with much provision and conserves, wine, and water enough for a long voyage, and horses' trappings and caparison, and other rich work of the country ; some for himself and others for his father. And the Moor's wife sent coifs and jackets of Moorish work for the youth's mother ; for so great was the love which they bore to this Christian for his good and virtuous carriage, that they loved him as a son, and if they could have helped it would never have let him go. But he must needs return in the ship, to which the Moor and his sons bore him company.

Embarking immediately, he departed with good weather, which by the virtue of the relics as would appear, God so continued to him, that he soon came to port in his own country, where he was received with open arms, and gave the presents he had brought from his host to his father and mother, who

prized them much and took great delight in them, minded to repay them with even better. But when they would know how he had laid out the three thousand crusadoes, and learned what he had done, his father was ready to kill him for wrath, and said: "Look at this you bring, supposing that they are true relics, think you that I can sell them to get back my money with profit? It cannot be, on the contrary I must spend more money to do them honour and put them where they will be esteemed, and thus, you having squandered the three thousand crusadoes you took with you, my honour will compel me to spend as much again for the honour of these bones." The youth would have excused himself, affirming that he had been promised much honour and profit, but his father would not hearken unto him, and in his passion drove him from the house. But, having by his virtuous walk and deportment gained the friendship of many noble persons in the city, he repaired to their houses, and they took him in. And the Bishop having knowledge of those relics, and that they had been long in the city of Fez, and of the Saint to whom they had belonged, and knowing his life and miracles, brought them out of the ship with a great procession to the Cathedral. And, by the way, marvels were not wanting which showed the sanctity of the relics, and they were greatly esteemed, and gained the repute they deserved in the bishopric, and the youth's father became better known than before, and his house was so frequented that this year he did more business than in the three years before it. And as he still would not take his son back some

nobles who heard this interposed, and reconciled them and restored the son to his father's favour; and his mother, who took his part in everything, had him brought back to the house. At length she said to her husband that to see whether this was a miracle or not he should reckon up his substance, and he would find that for the three thousand crusadoes he had spent upon the Saint, God had given him six thousand and more, so that his capital was doubled. The merchant finding this to be so, determined to send his son next year, as he did, giving him four thousand crusadoes and presents for the Moor and his sons, and his mother gave him other very rich presents for the Moor's wife. And the youth went and was received as a son, and related all that had happened, and concluded that when the time came for his ship to return, he would give the Moor the four thousand crusadoes he had brought to lay out for him, for he loved him as a father, and determined to follow his advice, and go back to live with him if he were ill treated by his own father. And such was the Moor that, though he loved him as a son, neither he nor his sons ever strove to persuade him to change his faith, but rather besought him to continue as he was, for the Moor himself hoped to become a Christian when he should have performed certain necessary things. And so when the youth would depart, he charged him to take to the ship another coffer with other bones of another Saint, priced at four thousand crusadoes, which coffer he had at his own cost lined within and without with rich brocade, with silver nails, and

gave him carpets and other things of price to take to his father and mother, and for himself, and sent provisions to the ship as at the former time, and with his sons accompanied him to the place of embarkation, and gave him a horse with full caparison, and money, saying, "If your father is offended as at the first time, let it not trouble you, for if he knew my purpose he would not mislike it; and since he doth not know it, let him give course to his anger and free vent to his passion, and whatever he may say or do bear with him, for I know what I have given you, and believe that you will win honour and profit for yourself and your father and mother, and also for me and my wife and children. Go therefore content, and trust in me," and thus dismissed the young man from the port.

Speeding with a fair wind he arrived in his country, where he was at first well received, but when his father knew what he brought, if he had been angry the first time he was much more angry the second, deeming that to err once was more pardonable than to err twice. But the youth endured all his fury with patience, and withdrew from the house not to give him more annoy, as he could well do, having honourable entertainment elsewhere. At length the Bishop spoke to the father, saying it was by his means that God permitted him to bring these relics to his church, and that he thanked him and took it well of him. Also his wife, seeing that the substance in the house was greatly increased, made him take a reckoning of it for every six months, and said, "Take note that for four thousand which your son spends

on one side, God gives you ten thousand on the other ; own, therefore, that all that is laid out thus is laid out well." And on this she spoke with her husband many days, until he yielded, and the chest with the relics was carried to the church with as great procession and solemnity as the other, and greater if it were possible, and put in a fitting place to be venerated as it deserved, so that the land had profit of both, and miracles were not wanting, which the Lord ever works for his Saints. Insomuch that all the diocese took note, and people flocked from all the country, who, having seen the Saints, wished to see the house and person of him at whose cost the relics had come. And as he was a rich merchant, and had all manner of goods in his house, they asked for them and bought freely, deeming that all stuff in that house was blessed, and that somewhat of its holiness accrued to themselves. By reason whereof this man gained so greatly, that if the first year he had had ten thousand crusadoes, this year he had twenty thousand, by which he came to perceive that this happened not by his own industry, but by the grace of God, and, holding this for certain, he forgave his son, and received him again into his house. Then he equipped his son to go yet again to Fez, with great gifts for the Moor, and letters recommending him, with injunctions to him if any more relics were to be found to bring the same over, perceiving that though he could not sell them our Lord rewarded him with more than he had spent. He also gave him presents for the Moor's wife, and the son, taking gifts from himself for

the Moor's sons, and five thousand crusadoes which his father gave him to lay out, departed as soon as the vessel was ready. Arriving at Fez, he was well received and caressed by the Moor, his wife and sons, and treated as a son; and he gave each the gifts he had for them, and passed his time agreeably until it seemed that he ought to depart, when he gave the Moor, the five thousand crusadoes he had to lay out, praying him to spend them as he thought good, for he would be entirely at his disposal. Then said the Moor, "Here is a Christian damsel whose price is these very five thousand crusadoes; her you must take with you, and you will not return to this land, for I know that you will have much trouble and great occupations which will prevent you, but with God's help all will end well. And you will remain at the last rich and honoured to your great content. And I entreat you, that when you shall have found my words come true, you will think upon me, and do me to wit as you would your own father, for I love you as a son." The youth therefore gave the Moor the five thousand crusadoes to buy the maiden, who was some thirteen years old; and when he would have spoken with her she could not understand his speech, nor he hers, which displeased him. Yet they took her to the Moor's house, and he at his own cost had the richest garments made for her, of no stuff less than silk, and many garnished with tassels of silk and gold, and sent her away with like circumstance as if the youth had been a Prince; and he and his wife and sons went with them to the ship, and

he said to the youth, "My son, I deliver this lady to you to keep and guard in all honesty, and touch her no more than if she were you own sister. Regard the precepts of the law of God, which you Christians have, and keep them as you know how;" all which the youth promised and fulfilled.

He embarked, leaving great yearning for him with the Moor and his wife and sons; these returned to Fez, and he putting to sea with favourable weather speedily arrived in his own country, where his father received him with great caresses, being ready to have patience with him even though he should have brought the bones of another Saint, as indeed he desired, nor did he at first put him any questions. But when the presents had been seen, his son gave him the Moor's letter, by which he learned that the son had brought a Christian maiden appraised at five thousand crusadoes. At this he grieved mightily, and said, "That the Lord should send Saints is well, but what want we with sinners, especially female ones? Thou hast surely brought her here to satisfy thy carnal appetites, and hast never laid out thy money so ill in thy life." And he was more ireful and anguished than the other two times, weening that nothing good could come of mortal sin. Notwithstanding at the entreaty of his wife, he suffered that the damsel should be brought to his house, as she longed to see her; and this he did not to pleasure the girl, but to remove her from the company of his son. He therefore brought her to the house, and when his wife saw her she kissed her on the face, and thanked God who had made her so

beautiful, and said to her husband, "Mark, Sir, this is the crown of the reward which thou hast merited for ransoming those relics and this damsel; for the Lord who would give us but one son, now gives us a daughter, and I love her as my own." And thus she received her into her house; and seeing by her speech that she did not know our language, she instructed her, and kept her as her own daughter, and taught her all civility, which she learned as though she were to the manner born. She learned to work embroidery which none could match; she embroidered any stuff in gold and silk, and it was a marvel to see the perfection of her handiwork; she knew right well how to draw, and was the best needlewoman in the land, and took pleasure in embroidering linen with letters, and would join two pieces together, so that the same letters might be read on each side, and they were so elegant that it was a delight to see them. But they were in the language of her own country, and she would never tell whence she came, or who she was, or how she had fallen into captivity. And thus she continued in this dwelling for three years, in which she never saw or was seen by any but the people of the house, and she learned our language as well as if she had been born here by hearing the discourse of others. And by reason of her obligation to him who had brought her out of captivity, she was as kindly affectioned to the youth as though they had been brother and sister. But the father could not suffer this, and if he saw them together even though they were saying nothing, he took it amiss, so jealous was he

of her, as though she had been his true daughter, and his son a servant ; so fond of her were he and his wife for her good disposition, conversation and talent. Then the mother casting about her to do her some good, and do herself a pleasure at the same time, determined to marry her to her son, that she might share his goods after his father and mother should be dead, and the father agreed thereto. But when they spoke thereof to the damsel, she said that she thanked them indeed for all the care they had taken of her, but that she could not marry until she had accomplished a vow which she had made to God in her captivity, and if the son would make a journey for love of her, she promised and vowed to wed no other than him. To this the youth consented, and she told him what he had to do, and gave him whatsoever was needful for him. And he sailed from his country on a ship bound for Flanders ; but having arrived at a port in England departed out of the vessel, and taking a coffer which he had brought with him, went to the city of London, where the King then was. Coming to the courtyard of the palace he saw that the King had finished dinner, and was coming forth by a corridor which opened on the side of the court where the youth was. Perceiving this, he spread out some of those linens embroidered with letters whereof we have spoken, and when any came to look at them he warned them not to touch, for none might handle them save the King, nor would he suffer any person to read the letters, for so the damsel had enjoined him. This being told to the King, he, desiring to see the broideries, called

for the youth and commanded him to bring the coffer ; and so it was done.

As soon as the King took one of the pieces of linen into his hand and read, the colour of his countenance changed, and he cried aloud, "God save us !" and coming again to himself inquired, "Where is the damsel who wrought this ?" to which the youth answered, "Let your Majesty pay me for what I shall say by buying these cloths ;" and the King did so, for otherwise the youth would not answer his questions. But on his giving him five thousand crusadoes, which was the price the damsel had cost him, the youth said : "Sir, this damsel is in Portugal, the country where I was born, and I will show her to whomsoever your Majesty will send to see her." The King took the linen, and calling to him an old man, who was his steward, he said : "Rememberest thou that five or six years ago thou wentest to Ireland, and did'st agree to send my daughter, the Princess, whom you and your wife had brought up, to the Court of my cousin, the Queen of Ireland, and how I sent her accompanied with cavaliers, nobles, ladies and damsels of great worship, and how you and your wife might not go by reason of your sickness ; and how it was told us that the ship was lost upon a shoal, and that some escaped ; and how the Queen, my beloved wife, died of grief thereat. Now I know that when the ship was lost, the captain, to save my daughter and himself, entered a boat with some few others and strove to make land, but the winds were so adverse that this might not be ; and driven by

the fury of the gales, the boat sped on without being stayed in Brittany, or Biscay, or Spain, until after twelve days they landed in Barbary, so worn out by the terrors of the sea, and tormented with hunger and thirst, that they rejoiced to find themselves on land, even though it were the land of the infidels, where they could look for nothing but mournful captivity. They came forth from the boat to save their lives, and no sooner were they on land than they were taken and made captive, and my daughter, Princess of this kingdom, became the slave of a Moor, who having learned from those with her who she was, immediately put a price upon her of five thousand crusadoes, which this youth has paid, and brought her with honour to the land of the Christians. All this is set forth in the letters on this linen cloth, which are embroidered in our language, and I pray you to read them." The steward read them, and both wept for joy and grief, he and the King, and when their transport was over they agreed that the steward should go in a King's ship with the youth wheresoever the youth should guide him, and should see the damsel that should be shown him whom the youth should affirm to be she who wrought the linen, and if she were the Princess he should give him in whose house she had been kept, all he should say he had spent upon her, and two thousand crusadoes to boot, and promise him that if he would come with her the King would show him great favour, and to the youth also. And that the youth might be sure of his reward, the King gave him a writing, which the youth kept; and a

galley being prepared the steward and his wife embarked, with her many ladies and with him many nobles and knights, and the youth who had brought the broideries; and they came to his country with a fair voyage. But on the way the youth had discoursed with the steward of his father's jealousy, and how he feared that he would deny the maiden, and not suffer them to have sight of her. They therefore agreed what to do, and when they took port the steward and the youth left the ship unknown to the others, and went to the father's house by covert ways, and as the youth was familiar with the house he was able to find the lady in a retired part. She, not knowing he was there, chanced to look that way and saw him, and with him the guardian who had brought her up, and whom she knew well; and approaching nearer she allowed herself to be seen of them, who knowing her came up to speak to her, and the old man would have knelt to kiss her hand, but she would not suffer him. While they were thus engaged the father entered, marvelling to find people in his house, and when he knew his son he cried, *Camest thou not in by the door?* There is treachery, and seized him by his head, not seeing who was speaking with the damsel, thus the twain had time and occasion to escape from the house without being seen or hindered. And as soon as they were clear of it she covered herself with a man's cloak which the steward had brought with him, and they hastened down to the strand, and taking a boat embarked upon the ship without contradiction from any, and set sail in the same hour as they

had come, without eating or drinking in that land. The youth, who remained with his father said: "Sir, this damsel is daughter of a mighty king, suffer him to take her, and I will go with her, and I doubt not thus to become a great lord, and your part will come to you." The father answered: "I know well that this is some treason which thou would'st practise on her and me, taking her out of my house to dishonour her, that thou mayest not have to take her to wife, and she shall never go with thee, which would be great scathe, but God has ordered better." And he cast his son forth by the door, notwithstanding his mother who took his part. But when he went in quest of the damsel and found her not, there was no bound to his sorrow, and when inquiring of the neighbours he came to know that the old steward had carried her off, and they had been seen to enter the galley and set sail, he was so overcome that there was no stay for his affliction. When the youth heard that they had departed he was ready to die with passion for the damsel, whom he loved more than his life, and moreover was consumed with remorse for not having brought the five thousand crusadoes from the galley, by aid of which he might have gone to seek her, but he had forgotten them for thinking of his lady, whom he prized above all the gold in the world. And thus he roved about distracted, and would have lost his wits but for friends and virtuous persons who comforted him, saying, you know who has taken her and whither she is bound; follow after her by land, and you will overtake her in good time. And receiving from them some money for

his journey, he took a horse and travelled through Spain and France to arrive where he would be. But as he had little money, and was free with what he had, ere he had performed two thirds of the journey he was obliged to sell his horse that that he might have wherewith to eat, and to go on foot. As he was little accustomed to this he proceeded but slowly, and his money came to an end before his travel. And so it came to pass that being one day at the door of an inn, he forbore to enter, having no money to pay for his meal, but looking within he saw two men sitting eating at a table who seemed to be noble and well mannered persons, and had with them in a case a viol and a psaltery, upon which the youth looked earnestly, being well seen in the art and mystery of music. The men seeing him gazing on the instruments called him in and bade him eat; but he thanking them said he had not wherewith to pay. They offered to pay, and made him eat, and talking at table asked him if he could dance or play, and he told them that he knew somewhat of all such things. "We," they said, "are performers on these instruments, and having heard that the King of England's daughter has been brought to him from abroad, and that she has fallen into such melancholy that nothing can make her glad we have determined to go before her to play, dance and sing, and with the help of God and our skill cure her of her melancholy, for which the King, her father, has promised a great reward. If you know ought of this art, and will come with us, you shall have your share in what we may gain." He, who desired nothing better,

and surmised that the Princess's melancholy was caused by his absence and the love she bore him, and the promise of marriage which she had given him in requital for his having delivered her from captivity, straightway determined to go with them, and told them that he would serve them all he could, and that he would not go as their companion but as their servant, to aid all he might in so excellent a work. And they replied with no less courtesy that they could not treat him as their servant, but that they would go as brothers, and he, having made them the acknowledgements that were due, took one of their instruments, and touching it gave them proof of his skill, which was indeed exquisite, at which they showed great content. When they came forth from the inn three youths issued from the stables, and brought six horses, and all mounting took their way until they came to the capital city of England, and made the King to wit that they had heard of the melancholy of his daughter, and begged leave to play and sing before her. The King thanked them for the trouble of their journey, and promised to repay them, and bade them to the palace, where if they could cure the daughter he had mourned for as dead, and the sight of whom now filled him with sadness, reminding him of his wife who had died of grief for her sake, they should be welcome all their lives. And so the three comrades went to play and sing before the King and the princess, she sitting inside in another room where she could see and hear without being seen; thus for a long time they played and sang with such melody and charm that none could but com-



DEATH OF PAN.

mend them, hearing the sweetness of their well blended instruments, to which the youth sang this song in our language :—

Land of Lusía was my home,
Weary now the world I roam,
Since I set from bondage free
Who hath bondsman made of me.

Woe is me and well away !
Bearing to wild Barbary
Ransom for the royal may
Foe to my felicity !
I the cup of youth have spilled,
I the joy of life have killed,
Freeing from captivity
Who hath captive made of me.

Now in lowlihead I lie,
Fallen as doth well befit
Him who taught his heart to fly
Toward a hope too high for it.
All my worth is clean forgot,
Care is none of knightly lot,
Since from bonds I set her free
Who hath captive made of me.

And this he sang with such sweetness and tenderness that although those knew not what he said who understood not his language, all knew him for most skilful in music, and were content with him, especially the princess who heard him,

and knowing by his lay who he was and of what he sang, rejoiced greatly to perceive that he was in the country. And when the musicians took their leave she sent to tell her father to make them come again and often, and so it was done. And the musicians and singers continuing their performance, which was the more lauded every time they came, the Princess manifested the greatest pleasure, and the King twice as much. And she, desiring to fulfil the promise of marriage which she had made to the Portuguese, and knowing what manner of man she had in him, spoke to her father ; and he and the nobles of his realm decreed that a great royal tournament should be held, and that whoso won most honour should have the Princess to wife, and become heir to the kingdom ; and the Princess accepted this upon condition that she should be present among the judges when the prize should be awarded. Whereat all the nobles of the court rejoiced greatly, and the jousts were proclaimed throughout the kingdom, and great and small had much contentment, having lately been in so great affliction. And the nobles and knights seeing how great a prize was to be given to the best champion desired exceedingly to enter the lists and show forth their strength, valour and wealth ; so that all the chief gentry in the land came, and some foreigners who chanced to be in the kingdom, but none came from a distance, for the tournament was appointed for the Assumption of Our Lady, which was only twenty days distant. Nor were they missed, for so many flocked together that there could not have been more at the Court of the greatest

Emperor in the world, and there not being room for them in London they encamped upon the fields in tents, which were so many and rich and splendid that all rejoiced to see them who could see them with a light heart. But our Portuguese, seeing all this magnificence and himself so poor and in want of everything that belonged to such an occasion, and despairing of being able to enter the jousts, went about so sad and dismal that it seemed as though his last hour was come. And had he had any means of discovering his necessities to the Princess, doubtless he would have done so, but not having any he remained awaiting his perdition and death, which must soon have come to pass if God had not put it into the hearts of the two musicians, perceiving his melancholy, to thus discourse with him: "Comrade," they said "we pray you much to disclose to us the cause of your discontent, which we trust in Christ to be able to remedy if remedy be in the power of man; our wills, powers, and persons being wholly yours. Tell us therefore, whence is your grief?" He, seeing their goodwill and offers, said: "Were I but apparelled for this tourney I would be bold to enter it, and would so bear myself that with the aid of God I should win the prize; and since I see myself deprived of all that is necessary, and so placed that I cannot obtain it I die of passion, for I am losing all that I might have gained." To which they replied that it still wanted five days to the tourney, and that he must hasten to equip himself, for they had and would provide all that was needful, as in truth they did. And he rejoiced and became so gay and knew so well how to fit

himself and prefer requests, that he came forth as well equipped for what he needed as you will see on the day of the tournament. Not to make too long a story, when the appointed day came the King and the Princess, with many ladies and damsels, seated themselves in a balcony of the palace overlooking the great court where the lists were opened. And the Princess was so beautiful and richly attired that the sight of her gave strength and courage to numbers who adventured themselves for her sake, and endeavoured more than they were able to compass ; and with her were the judges, being four old men who were great nobles in the kingdom. Then the knights began to enter the square on all sides, which was beautiful to see, as the flower of all the chivalry of the world seemed to be there, all men regarding in silence the suits, colours, and devices which they bore.

Our Portuguese entered the lists fully armed with rich white armour gilded in places, which gave it great lustre, and covered with a short surcoat made in the fashion of the country, quartered in green and white damask, slashed with embroidery of large round Oriental pearls of greatest price. His visage was uncovered, which if of itself it was comely and of gentle semblance, seemed so much the more lovely with the martial mien of armour, insomuch that all viewed it with delight. In his company were the two master musicians, whom some knew for what they were, vested in silk raiment of the same colour as the surcoat, made in the fashion of that court, and bearing the joustler's arms. One carried his helmet,

which with great white and green plumes, and gilded in places, gave forth great brightness, and the other his lance painted with the like colours, and three pages followed wearing the same livery, insomuch that all eyes were turned upon him and his retinue. The Princess recognised him immediately with great content, knowing him of old for one of the best cavaliers in the world, and all who saw him enter the square said with one voice "He is the most spirited, the best equipped, and the comeliest knight that hath come hither, God make him such in the fray as he promiseth by his countenance." And he riding round the lists that all might view him, came before the King and Princess, made his due reverence with all grace and courtesy, and well marked by the signs which the Princess gave him, how content she was to behold him. And so when all were ranged in quietness in the square, the signal was given with trumpets and other martial instruments, as customary on the like occasions, and the jousting began. And there were many and fine encounters; sometimes with shocks so fierce that the armour of the knights was wrested from their bodies and sent flying through the air, and some who could not recover themselves came to the ground, and some fell, horse and man. But it so befell our Portuguese that while all the rest received some check, great or small, he received none, but did great displeasure to others, for in his three first courses he overthrew three famous knights who little deemed to have fallen so soon, and this without breaking his first lance. When this was broken his pages gave him another, and with

this and many more he performed such feats that when it was time to cease and the King gave the signal, all praised him and pronounced him worthy of the prize. And if the tourney had been but for one day he would then have gained it, but it had been ordained for three. The jousting being over for this day he rode to the balcony where the King was, about to leave the square, and attended upon him on horseback to the palace, and having made meet reverence to the Princess and being dismissed by the King, went to his companions who awaited him, and quitting the courtyard with the same dignity as he had entered it, repaired to his inn.

The Princess withdrew from the balcony to her apartment, content with what she had beheld and with what she had heard all say in praise of the stranger knight, nor was she amazed to see his arms and trappings of such exceeding richness, supposing that he had brought them from his father, whom she knew for a man of great possessions. This night there was a festival in the palace, with concerts of music and dances of nobles, courtiers, and ladies; and some who had been unlucky in the jousts took courage to return and again make trial of their fortune; and those who were proud of having done well took pleasure in hearing themselves commended by the ladies. And yet the stranger knight being absent, upon whom all eyes had been turned, the King asked concerning him, but could hear no other account save that he had retired to his hostel with his people. After the evening had been spent in gaiety all went

to rest, for the tourney was to be held again next day, and it was needful to repair the arms of many who had suffered from the violence of their encounters, in which many spent the most of the night, and chiefly they who had made trial of the dexterity and strength of the Portuguese cavalier. But it was not so with him, for when he had disarmed himself he found his arms as complete as if they had never been proved, and this by their goodness, and not because they had not been smitten hard and often, at which he greatly rejoiced. And after the supper which his companions had caused to be prepared for him he went to sleep and repose, as was needful after the much he had done on that day. Yet was not his sleep so sound but that by day break he was already vesting himself for the new tourney, not knowing how well equipped were his companions, who rejoiced to have care of him, and assuring him that they had all that was needful entreated him to rest till it was time to partake of food. After breakfast he armed himself as you shall hear. And the King went to hear mass in the Princess's Chapel, where it was said with great solemnity, and when it was over went to his meal in the banqueting hall in great state, and heard many instruments of music, and thence repaired to the balcony as the day before, bringing the Princess with him; and the judges came, and took their seats as they had done on the first day, and the knights thronged in so many and so richly armed, with such liveries and devices, that it was glorious and beautiful to see them. And our Portuguese wore that day a suit of green armour with a

dalmatic of white damask powdered with gold, and with spurs richly gilded and exquisitely wrought. Entering the square accompanied by his companions and the pages whom he had brought the day before, he rode below the balcony, and made his accustomed obeisance to the King and Princess, and took up his place until all were assembled and it was time to begin, and to relate all he did would be to make a large volume. To conclude, the youth performed such feats on that and the following day that all affirmed with one voice that there was no better cavalier in the world, and even they who strove with him, pretending to the hand of the Princess, could not deny it, but laid it to his charge that he was a foreigner, and peradventure not of blood to deserve such greatness.

The three days' joustings being now over, the King commanded that all grandees, nobles, and knights should come to the great hall, for he would that judgment should be made as to who had deserved the prize. Many came not, for knowing that their desert was small, they would not be present at the award, and so departed. Yet notwithstanding there were so many that it seemed the hall could hold no more, to whom a king at arms made a discourse in the King's name, saying: "Sirs, the King our lord has well marked the great deeds which all of you have done for the honour of this court, and the great valour and vigour of you all, and certes this is so much that he will remember it for all the length of life which it shall please God to give him; and he would be glad to have so many kingdoms and daughters that he could give one to

each of you, for he deems that each of you hath well deserved them, but he hath only this one daughter and this one kingdom which may not be divided. He asks you all together, and each one severally, to abide by the judges' sentence, and to accept him whom they shall determine to have gained as their Prince and Lord, since it needs must be one and not all, and so doing you shall find him so propitious that he trusts in God that none of you shall ever at any time forfeit his friendship and favour." It seemed to all that the king at arms said well, and the chiefs who were charged to reply said that the King showed them great favour in making them this compliment, seeing that he might well have commanded, and now let the judges pronounce as they deemed fit. Then the king at arms spoke in the name of the judges, and declared that though all had done well the stranger knight had done better, wherefore they adjudged him the prize, and called upon him to come forward to receive due reward of his labours. He, who had placed himself amid the throng in the background, now came forward wearing a suit of crimson satin trimmed with gold and embroidered with devices of quaint invention, and cap and shoes of the same, which declared the joy of his heart. And as this was seen by some who grieved that he should have the honour which they coveted for themselves, they came and stood before him ere he could speak, saying: "Sir, let him show who he is and whether he deserves such honour as your Majesty accords him, otherwise it will be grievous to us to obey him." These were commanded to sit

down, as the knight of Portugal desired to speak ; and he, not knowing enough of English to discourse in it, spoke thus in Latin, for he was a good scholar :

“ Sir, these lords, nobles, and cavaliers are of such estimation and worship that they would be right in yielding obedience to none of lesser worth than your Majesty now present, could your Majesty’s equal be found in the world, but since such hath not been found, nor, as I deem can ever be, it seems to me that they will do what is just for the service of your Majesty, being well affectioned to you as reason would. Wherefore before them all I beg your Majesty to hear me, and in his wisdom determine the issue of what I am to declare. Which is to let your Majesty know that I passed into Barbary, and it was God’s pleasure that by great cost and labour of my person I should deliver the Princess, my Lady here present, who if I deceive not myself will remember how the matter came to pass, and of my poor service, which although it was not such as her great desert merited, was the best that my ability could render. Thus I brought her to Portugal, treating her with great honour, and though I knew nothing of her greatness, continually serving her as if I had known, and undergoing great dispeace with my father for her sake. Then I came to this kingdom, bearing to your Majesty the work she had wrought, and tidings of herself, and your Majesty was pleased to bestow on me the five thousand crusadoes I asked, which have been left in the galley which has brought her Highness here. And besides this money your Majesty, without my

asking it, gave me this scroll for a testimony that he in the presence of the Princess would confer upon me any favour I might ask that should be agreeable to righteousness, provided that I should produce my Lady the Princess to his steward as I have done ; here he is to confirm it. Now for the first time do I produce this scroll, and being in the presence of her Highness, I pray your Majesty, having respect to the service rendered by me to you and to my Lady the Princess, to grant me the favour of becoming a gentleman of his house, and his subject like these other gentlemen ; and if they deem that my services do not deserve so much, I am ready to serve all my life without resting until they do." And when his discourse was ended, replying to some who asked him, he told where and how the Princess had been captive and he had obtained her freedom, whereat those who knew it not already had great marvel. And when he had finished they all, greatly commending him, asked the King to grant him the favour he sought, seeing that it was just, and that moreover he might have the honour he had well earned. The King rejoiced much to hear and see that all were well agreed, and rising from his throne and advancing two paces towards where the Portuguese was standing, he said : " I am content to grant you what you desire, and moreover from this day forth hold you as Prince of this kingdom as though you were my own son, and I will that you should forthwith espouse my daughter, and hereby ask her consent." And all the hall was full of voices crying, " This is reason and right." And straightway he was wedded

to her by the Archbishop of the City, and festivals, jousts, and tournaments were held in honour of the marriage, which endured much time.

The Prince immediately sent tidings of his good fortune to his father and mother ; and his father, yearning to see the Princess, departed without delay, bringing his family, kindred, friends and servants in three galleys, and brought with him a great treasure of jewels, gold, and silver, which he gave to the Prince and Princess, so that he had much to bestow upon those to whom it seemed to him right. Also he sent to the Moor of Fez, who had counselled him so well in his traffic, who came at once with his wife, sons, and household, bringing with him all the substance he had. As soon as he found himself in England he would have kissed the hands of the Prince and Princess, but they would not suffer him, and with many demonstrations of affection made him rise ; and the Moor kissed the hands of the King, who gave them a noble apartment, and ere long they became Christians, the King and Princess being their God-parents, and bestowing great favours on the day of the baptism. And while these festivities were being held the two musicians who had accompanied the Prince took him aside and spoke thus ; " Our company is no longer needful for you, wherefore we are minded to depart, and before we go we are fain to tell you who we are, that you may know that what you laid out upon us was well employed, and that you have been abundantly repaid for it. Have you memory of those bones which you ransomed in the land of the Moors ?

Know that these were aforetime our bodies, and that the bodies you now behold are but phantoms, assumed by us to accompany you in your enterprise in requital for what you have done for us; and this God hath permitted, for he leaves not without recompense those who, like you, have served and honoured his saints. Now you dwell in quietness with your father and mother, kindred and friends, and wife, and have honour and royalty which you have well deserved, but do not for this forget the service of God and his saints. If you have need of us at any time we are with you, and now farewell with God's blessing." And thus they departed, leaving the Prince in amaze, for he had been devising how to repay them for what they had done for him, and thus he remained with great devotion and love to our Lord God who had given such prosperity to his undertakings. And after no great space of time the King died, and the Prince and Princess were proclaimed King and Queen, and governed the land with great quietness and all mens' love, and from them descend the great kings of England.

R. GARNETT.

EARTH'S MARTYRS.

Many have hymned Thy Martyrs, Earth, of old,
Who fell on red flames, as on flowers cold ;
But we, Thy poets, in a different fire,
And at an inward worser flame expire ;
For that which did their bodies ashes make
Our souls consumes ; we shrivel at *that* stake.
We burn, yet live ; they in a moment died ;
We are Thy real Martyrs, Thy true pride.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS.



PLAYFELLOWS.

THE GEM AND ITS SETTING.

PERSONS.

EVE GRIEVE, 30, a widow.

MAY DAY, 18, an unmarried girl.

JAMES KNIGHT, 40, a bachelor.

A RECEPTIVE FRIEND.

Scene:—*Mrs. Grieve's drawing-room at Chelsea. It is 5 o'clock.*

She is giving a small tea-party

MAY DAY (*to her hostess in passing*): Why, Eve, you have got a new gaud?

MRS. GRIEVE (*touching her neck*): Oh, this old thing? I have had it years.

MAY DAY: A month, perhaps! Bend down.

MRS. GRIEVE (*bending down, while her friend grasps the pendant*): Oh, well, it's all the same. Isn't it a nice little bit of paste?

MAY DAY (*incredulously*): No—surely?

MRS. GRIEVE (*laughing*): Let go May, you are strangling me! Yes, it's wonderful how effective really antique paste is. Poor old Jimmy! (*She leaves her to speak to another guest*)

MAY DAY (*half to herself, and half to a receptive friend*): Poor old Jimmy, indeed! Paste, did he? I must stop on and have a straight talk to a young woman—Eve. Eve is playing, but it isn't cricket! And why isn't poor old Jimmy here to grace, or disgrace her triumph? (*She propounds this query in so many words to Mr. Grieves as that lady drifts past her a second time.*)

MRS. GRIEVE: Kept at the office, dear. Will look in later if he can manage it. I asked him, at all events (*defiantly*).

MAY DAY: It is the least you could do.

MRS. GRIEVE (*amiably*): Stop and see him if he comes. I shall soon get rid of all these people. Don't go till you have to!

MAY DAY (*solemnly*): I will stay, even if I have to miss the Delmar dinner for it, and Teddy is to be there!

THE RECEPTIVE FRIEND: Who is Teddy?

MAY DAY (*shortly*): The young man I want to be engaged to, and yet I am going to sit tight.

(*She does. Mrs. Grieve gets gradually rid of all her friends, and the room is empty. They both go to the tea-table and eat little cakes. Mr. James Knight has not appeared.*)

MAY DAY (*with her mouth full*): Now, Eve, I am going to scold you. Let us go and sit by the fire.

MRS. GRIEVE (*drawing up two chairs*): The solemn cheek of it!

MAY DAY: I assume the privilege of youth. How

your jewel flashes in the firelight !

MRS. GRIEVE : How you do keep harping on my wretched jewel ! (*boldly.*) It isn't the first Jimmy has given me by a very long way.

MAY DAY : I know it isn't. More shame for you !

MRS. GRIEVE : May, I shall get cross, I warn you. Flesh and blood can't be expected to stand it.

MAY DAY : Silk and chiffon, you mean ! I don't believe, my dear, that you have more body than chiffon or less dressing than silk ?

MRS. GRIEVE : Very neat ! And you judge I have no heart because I like pretty clothes and things that sparkle, and because I choose to wear some little bits of mere brightness that have no intrinsic value except—

MAY DAY : Don't pretend that you attach sentimental interest to these—sparklets. Everyone knows that Jimmy leaves you absolutely cold.

MRS. GRIEVE : He does, poor fellow. I can't help it.

MAY DAY : While you have the reverse effect upon him. Everyone knows that, too. It's humiliating ! I *am* sorry for him.

MRS. GRIEVE (*with feeling*). So am I.

MAY DAY : How insulting ! How dare you be sorry for a man worth two of you !

MRS. GRIEVE : That's not rating him over highly.

MAY DAY : Tell me one thing. You have refused him, conventionally, I suppose ?

MRS. GRIEVE: Very conventionally, once for all.

MAY DAY: And does he believe you?

MRS. GRIEVE: Oh yes. It is only on that understanding that I permit—

MAY DAY: Paste pendants, etc.

MRS. GRIEVE: It gives him such intense pleasure, poor dear, and you know, you impertinent May, who presume to know everything, that Jimmy ins't at all badly off. He has quite a comfortable salary from those people in Throgmorton Street, and I always say that he is not to spend more than a fiver on me, ever. I am adamant.

MAY DAY: That pendant isn't. I am sure it cost more than a fiver.

MRS. GRIEVE: Nonsense! Jimmy knows that I am a woman of honour.

MAY DAY: Did you make him swear to the fiver?

MRS. GRIEVE: Of course not. Jimmy is a man of honour too.

MAY DAY: Oh, love makes short work of honour! You have corrupted him and got him to salve your nasty little conscience with a lie.

MRS. GRIEVE: I wouldn't stand this from any one but an unmarried girl.

MAY DAY: They only have the courage to do and dare to be rude. I am going on, since you are so nice about it. Eve, don't you mean to marry again?

MRS. GRIEVE: I don't mean to, but I may.

MAY DAY: Not Jimmy?

MRS. GRIEVE: Certainly, not Jimmy.

MAY DAY: He is far too good for you.

MRS. GRIEVE: Far. But honestly, since my widowhood I have seen no one I could marry again, marry once even. That's my position, and I think it is a tenable one.

MAY DAY (*pensive*): Oh yes, if you can hold it. When I think how I adore Teddy, who won't even give me the chance of marrying once, I could shake you.

MRS. GRIEVE: Do, child, if you think it would help you to Teddy. But why won't you let me stay in the berth to which Providence has called me—the delightful berth of a widow, with enough money to be comfortable, and ornamental too. Neither my features nor my housekeeping are considered plain. I have, thank God, no relations and heaps of friends.

MAY DAY: Enough to furnish your drawing-room and eat your delicious little cakes, but only one Jimmy.

MRS. GRIEVE: But Jimmys are not rare. Every ordinarily nice woman has a Jimmy of sorts, as she has an opera-glass or a marabout stole.

MAY DAY: "A poor thing, but mine own."

MRS. GRIEVE: It can't be helped. There are, moving in this society of ours, a certain number of women whom everybody—

MAY DAY: Draw it mild.

MRS. GRIEVE: Well, that several men want. Then, as a pendant to them (*May Day glances sarcastically at Mrs.*

Grieve's neck, and Mrs. Grieve unconsciously puts her hand up), we have a certain number of men whom no woman wants. "Left overs!" Jimmy is the sort of man who is born to be said No to.

MAY DAY: Not when he comes with his hands full.

MRS. GRIEVE: Of two-pence-halfpenny perhaps.

MAY DAY: Oh, that's what five pounds has dwindled to!

MRS. GRIEVE: It is no fault of his that he is not magnetic.

MAY DAY: He has beautiful eyes, like a faithful dog's.

MRS. GRIEVE: Just the sort of eye that doesn't count—with women.

MAY DAY: He is an awfully good sort.

MRS. GRIEVE: That goes without saying—and without magnetism either! Virtue doesn't pay with widows. I don't know about girls? *Re* Teddy? (*May blushes*); Is *he* particularly good? I heard tales—! And have you ever observed that Circe had to turn her men into beasts before she would look at them?

MAY DAY: Beasts are faithful, at any rate.

MRS. GRIEVE: But men were, and should be, deceivers ever. It suits them. What of Teddy?

MAY DAY: Drop Teddy. Then why, if Jimmy is so dull, do you go to tea with him at his rooms and other places? Aren't you afraid of being compromised?

MRS. GRIEVE (*laughs*): Jimmy! Compromising!

MAY DAY: Why not, as well as another?

MRS. GRIEVE : He squints, he lisps, he is bow-legged, and he'd be red haired if he wasn't bald. One could go to his rooms on a season ticket, and no one think it was anything but an errand of mercy! Would you marry him yourself?

MAY DAY (*hesitates*): No—er—I—he is not in love with *me*.

MRS. GRIEVE (*bitterly*): You see! And yet that being the case, he has some faint chance of being amusing with you. There's the situation in a nutshell. (*The clock strikes six*). Poor Jimmy! He has been hopelessly kept. And I put on his pendant on purpose to please him. I am very fond of Jimmy you know, though not like *that*. Why, the very way he comes into a room sets all the wrong nerves vibrating.

MAY DAY (*curious*): How does he come into a room.

MRS. GRIEVE : The wrong way! I can't describe it. Deprecating, dubious, obsequious, as if he didn't see where he was going—no dash or virility about it.

MAY DAY : How can he dash when he knows he won't be appreciated where he is going?

“How can it, oh how can Love's eye see true

That is so worn with watching and with tears?”

Of course, he has no spirit. You have killed it. He is afraid of you.

MRS. GRIEVE : I always know exactly what he will do next.

MAY DAY : But you may depend upon it, it will be the right thing.

MRS. GRIEVE : There are so many ways of doing the right thing. There's his way, the commonplace gentlemanly, grovelling, unadventurous, unspeculative way. Now if I heard of one unexpected, daring, dashing, romantic, masterful thing he had done for me, or against me, it doesn't matter which, I believe it would work wonders with the impressionable, modern creature that I am.

MAY DAY : Yes, you are a very widow. Well, I am going to tell you of a deed such as you describe. I have guessed it. Jimmy hasn't let on to anyone. But I have known it for a very long time.

MRS. GRIEVE : What ?

MAY DAY : That pendant you are wearing is not paste, it is diamonds. So is the brooch you wore at the Delmars the other night. Teddy noticed that. He said he'd bet his life that never came out of Wardour Street. Jimmy likes you to believe that he is always interviewing Jews in the Rue de Douai, or the back streets of Amsterdam. Not at all, he buys things new in Bond Street, and dips them in something to make them look old ? You have taught him to cheat you. It is a gigantic system of fraud, practised on you, Eve. He spends a very fair half of his income, as I guess, on decking out a woman who makes fun of him, teases him, and pities him ! He need not work hard, but he does, you admit it. Why should he slave, except to earn the "over" that pays for your pleasure, you, who flout and jeer at him ? I am convinced of this, and so is Teddy, who knows something about stones.

MRS. GRIEVE (*sneers*): And hasn't it brought you together—a common interest of abusing me?

MAY DAY: We don't talk of you, but of James Knight, a true knight if ever there was one, tricking out his lady like an idol, and the idol thinks she is being adorned with cut glass and tinsel, and tells her votary to turn his toes out, and wipe his muddy boots in the hall before he comes into her presence.

MRS. GRIEVE: Jimmy may be the best of men, but he is terribly slovenly, and I am desperately neat.

MAY DAY: Pooh! Do you remember my asking you to lend me your brooch for a fancy dress party, a month or two ago? You agreed, you are generous enough. I didn't wear it, but took the opportunity of confounding you. I gave it to a jeweller and had it valued.

MRS. GRIEVE (*in a husky voice*): Well?

MAY DAY: Diamonds, rather yellow, but worth at least a couple of hundred. One jeweller offered me eighty for them. And that lump you wear on a chain—

MRS. GRIEVE: That is nothing particular—a Russian pebble; an Alexandrite they call it.

MAY DAY: Very difficult to get, and *most* costly. How easily people are taken in when they want to be! (*The outer bell rings.*) James!

MRS. GRIEVE: Do you mind leaving us?

MAY DAY: Certainly, with the greatest of pleasure!

(*She goes. Mr. Knight is announced.*)

JAMES KNIGHT: I am sorry. I could not get here

sooner. (*He sinks rather wearily into the chair that May Day has just vacated, leaving a trail of muddy boot in his passage thereto.*)

MRS. GRIEVE : Some tea, Jimmy ?

JAMES KNIGHT (*deprecatingly*) : I am too late !

MRS. GRIEVE (*softly*) : Not at all. I'll have some fresh made. (*She contrives to put a chair over the worst boot mark.*) Have you had a hard day ?

JAMES KNIGHT : Rather. But one must grind to keep up at all. Have you had a successful reception ?

MRS. GRIEVE : As successful as it could possibly be without you.

JAMES KNIGHT (*looking up, surprised, and suspicious of these new amenities*) : Oh, I should hardly have added to the general hilarity. I'm growing a sad bear.

MRS. GRIEVE : Say a melancholy Jacques. Why do you always take such a gloomy view of life ?

JAMES KNIGHT (*stung into plainness*) : Because you won't marry me, dear Eve !

(*The servant comes in with tea, he helps himself to milk and sugar, The servant departs.*)

Let us talk of something and someone else. I met your little friend May Day in the hall as I came in. She looks remarkably chirpy, and gave me such an amiable greeting. Is her small love affair coming out all right ?

MRS. GRIEVE : May ? Oh, I forgot, she has a hopeless passion, too ! (*Bites her lip.*) No, she hasn't been talking of

herself for a wonder, she has been talking about you.

JAMES KNIGHT (*with the honest amazement of a modest man*): About me? She might find a more lively topic to bore you with.

MRS. GRIEVE: She says you—Jimmy, I am such a careless idiot, I have been and gone and lost the Alexandrim-Archimandrite, whatever it is—you gave me. At least, I can't find it anywhere?

JAMES KNIGHT (*smiling indulgently*): Have you looked in the tea-caddy?

MRS. GRIEVE: Yes, and in the coal-scuttle. Does it much matter?

JAMES KNIGHT: No, I'll soon get you another.

MRS. GRIEVE: You must not.

JAMES KNIGHT: Why not? It is good of you to lose it and give me the pleasure of getting you a new one.

MRS. GRIEVE: James, you are not to spend any more money on me.

JAMES KNIGHT: Why not, surely? It is the only—the best pleasure I have. I have no one else to give presents to, no one else to think of!

MRS. GRIEVE: May Day says I am a mean—

JAMES KNIGHT (*hotly*): May Day had better mind her own business.

MRS. GRIEVE: But I do think I am a cad, James.

JAMES KNIGHT: No, you are an angel, I think!

MRS. GRIEVE: An angel, with a reservation! But still.

if what May says is true—.

JAMES KNIGHT : What does she say ?

MRS. GRIEVE : She says that I am covered, from head to foot, like an idol, with perfectly priceless gems, *your* gift ! How funny ? (*She stares at Mr. Knight*)

JAMES KNIGHT (*roughly*) : Why do you look at me so ?

MRS. GRIEVE : Because I see that when a man is upset he turns red, not white, as we women do.

JAMES KNIGHT : Never mind my colour, Eve, or the state of my banking account either ! I wish you had not started this. (*Wipes his forehead*).

MRS. GRIEVE : I wish May hadn't. But now that she has sprung this mine—of diamonds—on us, I presume you will tell me the truth ?

JAMES KNIGHT : Of course I will—if you insist ! But I wish to God you wouldn't press me.

MRS. GRIEVE (*touching her pendant*) : Jimmy, is this paste ?

JAMES KNIGHT (*rising*) : No, it is not.

MRS. GRIEVE (*after a long pause*) : I suppose it is all through alike ? This—and this ? . . . (*She begins feverishly to pluck at her trinkets*).

JAMES KNIGHT : Stop, Eve, please stop ! I must ask you to re-consider—I must tell you !— I believe I have behaved infamously to you, dear, but you must really try to forgive me when you see my point of view. I love you hope-

lessly—to do you justice, quite hopelessly. I will never allow that the woman I adore is a flirt. You have never, I swear it, encouraged me by word, look or sign!

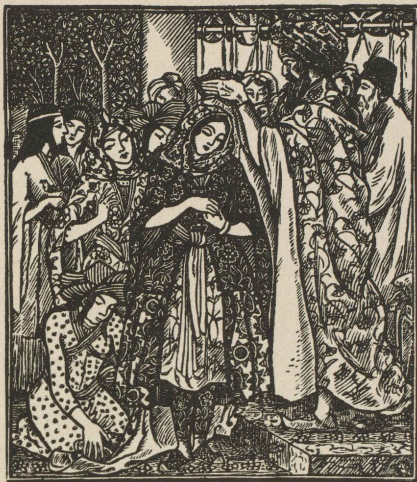
MRS. GRIEVE (*rueful*): Yes, I have always been perfectly brutal to you.

JAMES KNIGHT: For my good. You have been sincere. And things being as they were, you would never have chosen to accept valuable presents from me. You postulated that from the very first. I found out a way to cheat you for my own selfish ends. I wanted to see my jewel in a worthy setting for her beauty—so much more than rubies! I am a moral criminal. I wanted to watch diamonds sparkling near your eyes, and pearls lying on your white neck; to hear the world admire you and them—for you may say what you like—a woman, ay, the prettiest, can play her part better when the scene is set in diamonds. I took a base advantage of your innocence—for what nice woman ever knew the value of things?—and gained myself the greatest possible pleasure. The money was there, ready for my wife if I had one, and she could have been no other than you. And, Eve, though some of the things were expensive, the rest were bargains. I have been cultivating a quite remarkable *flair* for uncut gems and jewels, in the last few years. I amuse myself attending sales, and getting things knocked down to me cheap through knowing more about them than even the Jews do. It's something to be proud of, that! Those three emeralds—I had them all set separately for you, they were tastelessly arranged in a single

ring—were acquired at the sale of the effects of a distant relative of mine. Three fine emeralds for a hundred and eighty! That was good, you'll own! Eve, I have truly had my money's worth of pleasure out of them, first and last. I have seen them flashing and glowing on the breast of the woman I love. Don't give me the agony of having them returned to me! I see you are trying to take them off now! Put down your hands! Eve, my darling Eve, don't give them back to me; wear them, throw them away if you must, but if you return them it will, I believe, break my heart!

MRS. GRIEVE (*putting down her hands*): I will marry you.

VIOLET HUNT.



THE CROWNING OF ESTHER.

MARRIAGE IN TWO MOODS.

1

Love that's loved from day to day
Loves itself into decay :
He that eats one daily fruit
Shrivels hunger at the root.
Daily pleasure grows a task ;
Daily smiles become a mask.
Daily growth of unpruned strength
Expands to feebleness at length.
Daily increase thronging fast
Must devour itself at last.
Daily shining, even content,
Would with itself grow discontent ;
And the Sun's life witnesseth
Daily dying is not death.
So Love loved from day to day
Loves itself into decay.

Love to daily uses wed
Shall be sweetly perfected.
Life by repetition grows
Unto its appointed close :
Day to day fulfils the year ;
Shall not Love by Love wax dear ?
All piles by repetition rise ;
Shall not then Loves' edifice ?
Shall not Love too learn his writ,
Like Wisdom, by repeating it ?
By the oft-repeated use
All perfections gain their thews ;
And so, with daily uses wed,
Love, too, shall be perfected.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

AN INDIAN ROAD-TALE.

Inland they tell the tale of the coast-road, and on the coast they tell it of Pipavao, how the Kir kept the road by force for many years, feared by all, and how he was killed easily.

Morning had not yet come, and the rumble of the mills and low sighing song of the women as they ground the corn fresh for the early meal, was the only sound heard.

Two men left a village and approached by way of the road the tank, on whose banks dwelt the Kir, at a point whence the road could be seen stretching on either hand far along the low coast. All the trade and travellers of the coast paid toll to him, and these men, too, at dusk the day before, on their way to a distant town and a marriage, with many carts and women, had paid their toll, and now came, before journeying on to hear the talk and gain the good-will of one they feared.

They stood before the low house and unfastened the girdle that held their swords. Each sword was pulled till the peace-twine that held the sword to the scabbard was taut and a finger's breadth of metal showed; then they laid scabbard and sword and girdle on the beaten red earth before the door, where unarmed stood the Kir.

They gave greeting, naming Gods and high titles of men; and then, as travellers over long roads, they told of towns and kings, and of what they had seen and heard.

The village where they had rested for the night was temple land, a free gift many generations back to the Temple and its Priests. The Kir spoke of the present holder, asking of the hospitality they had received and whether they had been branded with the holy Temple sign. They bared their arms and showed the brand burned red and white on the flesh. Other brands were there of famous Temples showing the journeys and pilgrimages they had made.

They had found a welcome: it had pleased the Priest to be merry in their company. But in the village and on the lands under him, he ruled hard; and along the coast men jeered at the temple-land villagers, who for the honour of the Temple, kept life sacred and might not hunt or fish. The beauties of the village offered at the Temple, so nets there were indeed—hung near the road Kir's house where none dared rob—left there by those who used them, seeing that they might not bring them to the village. But the Kir spoke not to those women, nor to the brothers and husbands who fished.

One of the travellers said with a laugh that there would soon be another net left for safety outside the village, for the Priest was merry and would not be over vigilant on those who gave good value.

The Kir rose as the laugh sounded; his tongue clicked

to end the talk, and he passed behind the house. The early day was breaking, and he stood there, his eyes seeking the light and the road.

The travellers girdled their swords to return to the village, and passing behind the house they saw him. Hands beat on breast and a sob was heard.

The scabbard-twines were broken before they reached the Kir, and she turned and saw; but her eyes sought the road again; and she had sobbed but once, for the sex she belonged to.

And so they cut her down; and a stone marks the place on the old tank.

There when the cattle stray at dusk, homeward from the fields, the women turn them to the village and the men keep the road.

SHADWELL BOULDERSON.

MADAME DE WARENS.

In his old age Rousseau wrote that the spot in the little town of Annecy where, as a youth of sixteen, he first met Madame de Warens ought to be surrounded by railings of gold, and only approached kneeling by those who revere the monuments of human salvation. Extravagant as that utterance may seem to us, we cannot doubt the magnitude of an influence which left so profound an impression even half a century afterwards, and Rousseau's estimate of his indebtedness has been endorsed by many of his modern critics. As Michelet put it, Rousseau's genius was born of Madame de Warens.

It is impossible not to feel curiosity concerning the woman who so largely moulded the man who himself was one of the chief moulding forces, not only of his own times but of the whole modern world. Every reader of the *Confessions* remembers Madame de Warens, but vivid as is Rousseau's account of her it is still imperfect and misleading. Rousseau's own knowledge of the woman whom he worshipped more or less throughout life, the real heroine of his *Nouvelle Heloise*, was indeed, as regards her history, in many respects less complete than is ours to-day. It is only within recent years that the investigations of a few men of letters and research in Switzerland and in Savoy,—more especially M. de

Montet as regards Madame de Warens' early life in the Vaud country, M. Mugnier concerning her later life in Savoy, and M. Ritter as to her religious opinions and their sources,—have finally made that history clear.

Françoise-Louise de la Tour belonged to the baronial family who possessed Chatelard, with its picturesque old castle on the hill-side overlooking the lake of Geneva, near Vevey, a familiar sight to the foreign colony now dwelling near by at Montreux and Clarens. She was born in March, 1699, the second of three children, and the only survivor. Her mother died in childbirth when Louise was still an infant, and she was educated by one of her father's sisters, who became a second mother to her. Although her father married again she remained with her aunts at Le Basset, near Chatelard, a comfortable but rather humble looking house, with a wooden gallery outside, on to which the doors and windows of the upper floor opened. This house, which was situated on the hillside some distance above the lake, and enjoyed a wide and beautiful outlook from amid its vines and trees, was destroyed a few years ago. There still remain a few of the splendid chestnuts which once formed a wood called "le bosquet de Clarens," celebrated by Rousseau in the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, and now often called "le bosquet de Julie." Madame de Warens in character, tastes, and feelings corresponds to Julie, although the heroine of the novel lives on a somewhat more magnificent scale. This was so not only because the scenes of the real girl's life had been passed through Rousseau's exalted imagi-

nation, but also because Madame de Warens herself was never absolutely accurate, even with Rousseau, in regard to the details of her early life, and was always willing to magnify somewhat the events of the past, and to leave out of account anything which might seem unfavourable to herself. It is a reticence which, like much else in her life, has not in the event proved altogether wise, for, as we shall see, it has led Rousseau, by trusting to his imagination or to gossip, to defame unduly the woman to whom he owed so much, and whom he so sincerely worshipped.

We know, however, all the essential facts of the young Françoise-Louise's life, and it is not difficult to reconstruct it. At that time it was usual for the rural aristocracy to live in this simple fashion, and they were not therefore the less considered. The ladies of Le Basset were on intimate terms with Magny, an old man of high character who enjoyed great esteem in the Pays de Vaud, although he was the leader of the pietistic movement, by no means an orthodox position in a strictly Calvinistic land. Magny, however, was in touch with the great German mystical movement of the eighteenth century, which sought to bring a new freedom, a new emotional depth, into religion. The Calvinism of her native land, we may be sure, never had the slightest attraction for Madame de Warens, but for the pietism which Magny represented, although she never strictly adopted it, she had a natural affinity. Its indifference to forms, its belief in instinct and impulse, its tendency to sum up its doctrines in the formula

embodied in Saint Augustine's saying : Love and do what you like—all these things would certainly appeal to Madame de Warens. In order to understand her attitude we may profitably re-read the "Bekenntnisse einer schönen Seele" in *Wilhelm Meister*. Goethe has here very faithfully recorded the inner life of a woman who fell under the influence of Moravian pietism. Madame de Warens would also have said, like the woman of the "beautiful soul," "Nothing appears to me in the form of a law ; it is an impulse which leads me ; I follow my feelings and know as little of restraint as of repentance." But the "beautiful soul" added that the impulse which led her always led her right, and that Madame de Warens could scarcely have ventured to claim ; the elements of her nature were less happily tempered. But the reality of her pietism can scarcely be doubted ; it remained rudimentary, but it so genuinely harmonised with her own temperament that it is probable she never realised how much of it was due to the atmosphere which Magny had created around her in youth. It would seem that she never mentioned his name to Rousseau, yet the religious ideas she taught him were those she had learnt from Magny. On the latter point Rousseau's evidence is clear. It is these German religious influences, filtered first through Magny, and then through Madame de Warens, which reappear in the "Vicaire Savoyard," and so often elsewhere in Rousseau's writings, as a mighty force which was to sweep away the cold deism of that age, and may indeed almost be said to have become in their later

transformations a part of the modern spirit.

Francoise-Louise was rather spoilt by her aunts who were charmed by her pretty face, her precociously alert intelligence, and the independence which was from the first a note of her character. She had an eager thirst for knowledge, hardly satisfied by the modicum of instruction in which a girl's education consisted, and she gratified her desires by devouring the medical and natural history books which had belonged to her grandfather, a doctor. She thus acquired that taste for chemistry and medicine which never forsook her, and later induced her to urge Rousseau to become a doctor. For housewifely duties, however, and for domestic economy, all the efforts of her aunts and her step-mother could never impart to her any aptitude, and there lay a chief source of the misfortunes she was plunged into throughout life. She lived mostly with the peasant girls of the neighbourhood; she thus acquired, and retained, the love of being surrounded by inferiors, a delight in their admiration and subservience.

She was still only a child of fourteen at her marriage in 1713, to a soldier of good family, twelve years older than herself, M. de Loys, who took the name of De Vuarens (more commonly De Warens), after a village of which he had the lordship. He was violently in love with his young wife. She brought him a *dot* equal in modern money to something over £7,000, and Magny was appointed her trustee, replacing the previous trustees who had disagreed over the marriage settlement. The young couple settled at Vevey, whither many French

Huguenots had migrated after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and spent the autumns at Chailly,—in the centre of the vine district which was part of the bride's *dot*,—in order to oversee the grape harvest. In the *Nouvelle Heloise* the petty lordship of Vuarens is magnified into the barony of D'Etanges, and little Chailly figures as the domain of Clarens.

It is in 1715, when she was still but a girl of sixteen, that Madame first steps into public life and reveals clearly her vivid impetuous personality. By marriage she had lost her rights of citizenship at Vevey, and her husband possessed no such rights there; consequently she was unable to sell her wine in the town, for that was a privilege reserved to legalised citizens. She induced her husband to apply for these rights. But in the meanwhile, without waiting for the results of the application,—and probably without consulting her husband, whose conduct never failed in correctness,—she forthwith began to sell her wine in the town. This little episode cannot be passed over, because it is a revelation of the woman's whole nature throughout life. Her position in the town made the result of the application certain, but her eager impetuosity could never wait for events to ripen; her plans must always be carried out at once, recklessly, even, if need be, unscrupulously. The results, of course, were not usually happy. They were not so on the present occasion. The town council felt called upon to reprimand M. de Warens and to threaten more severe measures. Young Madame's pride was hurt, all the more so, doubtless, because she was in the wrong, and feeling her social

position shaken, she agreed to an old wish of her husband to settle at Lausanne,—persuading him, however, first to secure the Vevey citizenship,—in the course of 1718. De Warens was a native of Lausanne and was received with distinction. But living proved expensive at Lausanne,—as, in Madame de Warens' experience, indeed, it proved everywhere,—and the young wife persuaded her husband to secure further resources from his father. This led to quarrels and unpleasantness, and as Madame felt no attachment to Lausanne, they returned to Vevey where the husband received a high official position, and the wife distinguished herself by her generosity and philanthropy.

At this point we have to consider a difficult and delicate question which it is impossible to pass over. Rousseau states definitely in the *Confessions* that young Madame de Warens was seduced in Switzerland by a certain M. de Tavel, who to effect his object had first persuaded her that morality and modesty were merely conventions, and that she afterwards, "it is said," became the mistress of a Swiss minister, one Perret. But M. de Montet and M. Mugnier, the two chief authorities on Madame de Warens' life, throw some doubt on this statement. The question arises: How did Rousseau know? In after years he went to Vevey and the neighbourhood; during his stay there he associated mainly with the society that met in the parlours of small inns, and while such gossip as he might hear there concerning a woman who had abandoned both her husband and her religion, would certainly

be scandalous, it would certainly also be worthless. It is known that even up to her final departure from Switzerland, Madame de Warens enjoyed the highest consideration, and as a rigid puritanical inquisition then ruled at Vevey, this could not possibly have been the case had anything been publicly known of such episodes as Rousseau tells of, for in that case she would have been called before the bar of the Consistory. Her husband, in the end, had much fault to find, —with her fondness for industrial enterprises, her extravagant generosity, the vanity that led her into exaggeration and falsehood, her independence and dislike of advice, her leaning to pietism, the ease with which she made acquaintance with people who flattered her, he even called her at last “an accomplished comedian,” — but he never hinted that he suspected her of infidelity. If, therefore, rumours of immorality afterwards gathered around the name of the apostate and fugitive, they could scarcely have proceeded from any reliable source. We must fall back on the supposition that Rousseau’s statements are founded on the confidences of Madame de Warens herself. But here we have to remember the unquestionable fact, clearly to be seen in the *Confessions*, that, even with Rousseau, Madame de Warens was never communicative regarding those matters in her personal life, however remote, which might show her in an unfavourable light. It must be added that neither De Tavel nor Perret are unknown persons ; the former was a colonel, an old friend of De Warens, but very seldom at Vevey though a native of that

place ; the latter was a clergyman, twenty-five years older than Madame de Warens, and a man of high position and unspotted reputation. It seems to me most reasonable to conclude that Rousseau's statements must be regarded as an effort of constructive imagination, founded on slight data which seemed to him sufficient basis for an episode enabling him to explain Madame de Warens' character, but which, in the light of our fuller knowledge to-day, cannot be unreservedly accepted. It is probable enough that De Tavel on his visits to Vevey brought a knowledge of the new revolutionary moral maxims of Paris which the intelligent and inquisitive young woman was interested to learn, and that eventually these maxims mingled with the pietistic teaching of Magny—in a way that venerable teacher would have been far from approving—to prepare her for that indifference to conventional moral considerations which her conduct subsequently showed. But that De Tavel himself sought to teach and apply these maxims may well have been an ingenious supposition by which Rousseau sought to supplement the reticence of his informant. Had De Tavel been the cynical libertine which Rousseau's statement implies, his intimate friend, De Warens, would scarcely have regarded him as a fit associate for his wife. We know that in several cases Rousseau has, on altogether inadequate grounds, attributed acts of early misconduct to other people, whom he highly esteemed, including the original of the Vicaire Savoyard, and it must not unduly surprise us that he has done so in the case of Madame de Warens. That

he himself was a little uncertain about his statement as to De Tavel is suggested by the fact that he coupled it with the quite wanton rumour about Perret. De Tavel has so often served, even in the hands of the most serious historians, as a stock example of the depravity of the eighteenth century, that it is time to insist that the one episode by which his name survives is quite probably a legend. Statements of the kind which Rousseau attributes to De Tavel were often made during the eighteenth century by philosophers in the seclusion of their studies; one may be permitted to doubt whether they ever proved dangerous even in the eighteenth century. "On s'amuse de l'esprit d'un amant," remarks Madame de Lursay in Crebillon's *Egarements du Cœur* a few years later, "mais ce n'est pas lui qui persuade : son trouble, le difficulté qu'il trouve à s'exprimer, le désordre de ses discours, voilà ce qui le rend à craindre!"

We now reach the circumstances that led up to the central episode in the life of Madame de Warens—her abandonment of her home and her religion. In 1724 a young Frenchman, Elie Laffon, the son of a refugee French Protestant minister, had arrived at Vevey, and, in accordance with the industrial traditions of the Huguenots, he proposed to start a manufactory of silk stockings. Madame de Warens, who had once been the pupil of Laffon's sister, soon heard of the scheme and entered into it with enthusiasm. She was, as we have seen, attracted to business enterprises at a very early age, and she remained so to the end, the ardour of her commercial scheming

being always rendered more acute by her continual lack of money. Laffon needed assistance and capital, and without asking the advice of her husband Madame engaged herself to take control of the whole business. De Warens opposed the scheme from the first, but his wife's influence over him was still great; she induced him, against his own better judgment, to borrow money in all directions and to make many sacrifices. It is needless to follow the history of the silk stocking manufactory, now known in all its details; the issue could not be doubtful. Madame had no business capacity, and she even appropriated some of the money obtained for the factory to her own personal uses; Laffon, who had equally little business capacity, seems to have followed her example. Things went from bad to worse, but Madame was too proud to confess failure. At last the strain began to affect her nerves. In 1725 she had to go across the lake to Aix-les-Bains for treatment and distraction. It was a fateful visit. She felt, in passing from Switzerland into Savoy, as even to-day we feel to some degree,—though Gray's letters show that this was by no means a universal sentiment even at that time,—a delightful sense of the contrast between the asperity of the one land and its people and the larger and more cheerful atmosphere of the other. Aix, as we learn from Casanova's account of his stay there, was then on a very humble scale what it has since become on a more magnificent and cosmopolitan scale, a region supremely well fitted to be the haunt of the pleasure-seeker and the health-seeker, and Madame de Warens, with her ever

sanguine and volatile temperament, here soon recovered. She met during her stay a certain Madame de Bonnevaux, a connection of her husband, who belonged to Savoy and had remained a Catholic; by her she was taken to Chambéry for the first time, and Madame de Bonnevaux would not have failed to make her realise how different was the tolerant Catholicism of Savoy from the austere Calvinism of the Vaud country. It is not necessary to suppose that at this moment Madame de Warens formed her plans for flight,—if she had done so her impetuous nature would have led her to put them into execution at once,—but when she returned home she certainly could not help knowing that a more delightful and congenial land lay on the other side of the lake, and when the stress of her life became too hard to bear that land appeared to her as a harbour of refuge. She was not so much converted to Catholicism as to the religion of Savoy, and her husband doubtless felt this when in later years he used to refer to his divorced wife as “la Savoyarde.” On reaching Vevey she openly declared how charmed she was with Savoy, and how disgusted with the Pays de Vaud. The almost hopeless confusion into which she had plunged her affairs furnished ample cause for such disgust. The strain of pretending to her husband and her acquaintances that all was going well and nothing now needed but a little more capital became more severe than ever. In the spring of 1726 she realised that the crash was approaching. Her pride would still not allow her to confess even to her husband, or to humiliate herself in

the public eye. She preferred a secret flight,—although that placed her husband in a much worse financial position than if she had stayed beside him,—and with a more or less certain expectation of honours and pensions bestowed by the King of Sardinia on distinguished converts to Catholicism she decided to cross the lake for ever. Having persuaded a doctor that she needed to visit the baths at Amphion in Savoy, she collected together as much furniture, linen, and plate as possible, together with the goods and money remaining at the manufactory, and had them conveyed to the boat; she always carried so much luggage when she travelled that this excited no attention. Her husband saw her off, one day in July, and accompanied by a servant maid she crossed the lake and went direct to Evian, where the King was then residing. At the earliest possible moment, when the King was going to mass with a few of his lords and Bishop Bernex of Annecy, she seized the prelate's cassock and falling on her knees said: "*In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spirituum meum.*" The Bishop raised her up and after mass had a long conversation with her in his rooms. This time her plans had come off. She had left behind her Vevey and all its torturing worries, her conversion was effected; she was treated with distinction and was soon to receive a pension, while the Bishop was warmly congratulated on the brilliant conquest he had made for the Church.

Easy as it may seem to account for this conversion on merely prudential grounds, Madame de Warens was not

accustomed to be guided by prudential considerations, and we know that the step she had taken cost her much anguish and many sleepless nights. It was true that she had never been a very convinced Calvinist, her most genuine religious beliefs, though even these were very loosely held, were those of mystic pietism. Her old friend Magny, came over to see her shortly after her conversion, and declared on his return, to the astonishment of everyone, that he was entirely at rest in regard to her spiritual state; such a testimony is, at all events, to the credit of her genuine religious belief and genuine sincerity. Perhaps the remorse which she found it hard to stifle had reference more to the husband she had abandoned than to the religion she had exchanged. There had, indeed, been no children of the union, though two children had been adopted, but it could scarcely be said that the marriage was altogether an unhappy one; the couple had drifted apart simply because the husband, who having begun by idolising his wife and allowing her to rule his actions, was now realising the abyss into which her impetuous recklessness, her vanity and her business incapacity had plunged him; while she, on her side, had no real sympathy with his strict, and, as it seemed to her, narrow conceptions of honour and duty. Of conjugal infidelity there was no question. It might seem that the clever and vivacious fugitive was playing off her attractions on the King, but with all her serious failings Madame de Warens was not an adventuress, and if it is still rather a mystery by what influence she

obtained a liberal pension from a not very generous monarch; it cannot be suggested that the King was in love with her.

Her husband paid her two visits in Savoy. At the first visit, to Evian, immediately after her conversion, she refrained from mentioning that episode. She asked him to send her Bayle's Dictionary, always a favourite book with her, and with it his own English gold-headed cane to use when she went out; these commissions he fulfilled. Once more he came over to see her at the Convent of the Visitation at Annecy. She received him in bed, he wrote, to hide her confusion, and he was himself so overcome that at first he could not speak. When he began to talk of the fatal step which, as he now knew, she had taken, she pointed to a corner of the room, and on raising the tapestry he saw a little cupboard with an opening into the cloisters, and they spoke in whispers as they amicably settled their affairs before parting for ever. He noted with surprise, however, as he afterwards wrote, the slight importance which she seemed to attach to the forms of religion, the cavalier manner in which she treated him, her sudden changes from sorrow to joy, her strange proposition that since he was always tolerant in religious matters he too should become a Catholic. They parted never to meet again. De Warens returned to Vevey, and by his own skill and the goodwill of his fellow citizens, slowly retrieved his financial position; at one moment, indeed, fearing ruin, he fled to England, and wrote from Islington to his brother a long letter, detailing the history of his separation from his wife, which is,

after the *Confessions*, the most valuable document we possess in the light it throws on Madame de Warens' history and character. Finding he could not obtain in England any position suited to his rank he returned home, became tutor to a prince, and finally retired to Lausanne where he died in 1754. At the instigation of his family he had obtained a formal divorce for "malicious desertion and abjuration of Protestantism," but he never married again.

When Madame de Warens settled in the delightful little town of Annecy—in a house to the west of the present episcopal residence, overlooking the Thion canal—she was nearly twenty-seven years of age. She was, her husband remarks, a woman of great intelligence, of much strength of will, and a delightful companion. De Conzié, who first knew her at this time, speaks of her charming laughter, her vivacious eyes, her intelligence, as giving an uncommon energy to everything she said, while she was entirely without affectation or insincerity. We know from Rousseau's description that she was rather short and plump, with blue eyes and light brown hair. Various portraits have been supposed to represent her, but the only one which has good claims to authenticity is a miniature in the Salle des Ivoires of the Cluny Museum, supposed to date from some twenty years later; it represents a middle-aged woman in whom we can still detect some of the traits attributed to Madame de Warens in early life.

There is one point in regard to Madame de Warens' temperament which is of the first importance in the light it

sheds on her life and actions, though so far it has attracted no attention. De Warens mentions, briefly and incidentally, without insistence, that his wife was hysterical ("sujette aux vapeurs"). The fact is full of significance; it explains that intelligent but too impetuous and ill-regulated activity which marked her whole life; it gives us the clue to that thread of slight mental anomaly and ill-balance which was fated to plunge her into difficulties at every step. We are not entirely dependent on her husband for our knowledge of this definite constitutional peculiarity. Rousseau also, equally unsuspecting the significance of his statement as an index of abnormal nervous sensibility, mentions that at dinner she was so overcome by the odour of the dishes, that she could seldom begin till he had finished, when he would begin again to keep her company. We have always to remember that, like Rousseau himself, who was so irresistibly attracted to her, Madame de Warens, though in slighter degree, was an organically abnormal person.

We have seen that the evidence as to Madame de Warens' infidelity to her husband rests on a very weak foundation and may safely be rejected. The evidence regarding the divorced wife is less doubtful. Very shortly after settling at Annecy she was certainly living on intimate terms with her servant, the faithful steward of her affairs, Claude Anet. Rousseau has done full justice to the estimable and upright character of this young man; except his extreme devotion to his mistress no reproach has ever been cast on him. He was born at

Montreux, and belonged to a family which had long served the La Tour family. At the period we have now reached he was twenty-one years of age. It is highly probable that he already cherished a passion for Madame at Vevey; he prepared for his flight at the time that she was leaving; he left Switzerland soon afterwards to join her, and with her he abjured Protestantism. One is inclined at first to suspect (with M. Mugnier) that we here have an elopement, but on the whole the suspicion seems unnecessary. The financial ruin which hung over Madame de Warens amply accounts for her flight. It is clear that she gladly availed herself of Anet's devotion, and accepted his sacrifices at a moment when she sorely needed them. But the reward, it may well have been, came later, when she felt her loneliness in a foreign country, when she knew that by the law of her own country though not that of her new religion she was a divorced woman, and when in close association with Claude Anet she learned to feel for him a warmer emotion than that of gratitude. The relationship remained a secret; Savoy was a freer country than austere and inquisitorial Switzerland, but social feeling would not have tolerated a lady whose steward was her lover. It may be noted that the three men whom we know positively to have been Madame de Warens' lovers,—Anet, Rousseau, and Wintzen were all Swiss Protestants who had abjured their religion; they were all younger than herself, and all of lower social class. She never really changed under the influences of life; what she was in early youth she remained in age; in the mature

woman's choice of her lovers we still see the little girl at Le Basset who delighted to lord it over the peasant children around her.

Rousseau, an unpromising runaway youth of sixteen, reached Annecy on Palm Sunday in 1728, and met Madame de Warens as, with her stick in her hand—the gold-headed cane, no doubt, that we know of—she was entering the church of the Cordeliers. It was a memorable day in his life, a more memorable day in hers than she was ever to know. As regards the years that followed at Annecy, the earlier years at Chambéry, and the occupation of Les Charmettes, Rousseau's *Confessions* is the prime authority for Madame de Warens' life, and the incomparable pages which he has devoted to these years are on the whole so faithful that the story need not be told again; no reader of the *Confessions* ever forgets them, and when he visits the secluded valley of Les Charmettes and enters the little house which scarcely seems changed since Rousseau left it, he seems to be returning to a spot he had known long before.

In 1744, after Rousseau had finally left Savoy to settle in Paris, the Spaniards had come to occupy Chambéry; Madame de Warens for a time lost her pension, and with her usual energy and skill in initiative she started a soap manufactory and also, it appears, a chocolate manufactory, sending some of both products as a present to Rousseau. At the same time she began coal-mining and iron-mining operations, trying to establish a company. But, as we know, she could never

carry through the schemes she was so clever in planning, and these new enterprises went through all the same stages to ruin as the silk stocking manufactory of twenty years earlier. Rousseau, himself struggling with difficulties of all kinds, sent her small sums from time to time. In 1754 she writes to him reproachfully that she is in the state mentioned in the *Imitation* wherein that fails us on which we have placed our chief hopes. "Malgré tout cela," she concludes, "je suis et je serai toute ma vie votre véritable bonne mère." Less than a month later she writes to the Court of Turin that she is "without bread and without credit," and solicits a loan from the King as her pension is engaged by her industrial obligations. In the same year, as Rousseau tells us, he came with Thérèse to see her at Chambéry; he was afflicted at her condition, and made an impracticable proposition that she should live with them in Paris. Of her jewels but one ring was now left, and this she wished to place on Thérèse's hand. It was the last time Rousseau ever saw her. In 1761 the *Nouvelle Héloïse* appeared and fascinated the attention of the world. By this time the woman who was its real heroine was old, poor, forgotten; some years before she had become a chronic invalid; we do not know whether she ever read the famous novel she had inspired, or even heard of its fame. The year afterwards she died, and it was some months before Rousseau received the news of her death in a letter from her friend, De Conzié; she had left nothing behind her, wrote De Conzié, but the evidences of her piety and her poverty. Sixteen years later, Rousseau

also died. The last words he ever wrote, the concluding lines of his *Reveries*, were devoted to the memory of his first meeting, exactly fifty years earlier, with the woman to whom he owed those "four or five years wherein I enjoyed a century of life and of pure and full happiness."

Madame de Warens has seemed to many who only knew her through the *Confessions*, an enigma, almost a monstrosity. When all the facts of her life are before us, and we have patiently reconstructed them—and, where we cannot reconstruct, divined—we realise that little that is enigmatic remains. She was simply a restless, impetuous, erring, and suffering woman, of unusual intelligence, and somewhat hysterical—less so than some women who have played a noble part in practical affairs, than many women whom we revere for their spiritual graces. Her life, when we understand it, was the natural outcome of her special constitution in reaction with circumstances. The explanation of the supposed enigma becomes therefore an interesting psychological study.

But Madame de Warens is something more than a mere subject for psychological study such as we might more profitably exercise nearer home. She is the only person who can claim to be the teacher of the man who was himself the greatest teacher of his century. When he went to her he was a vagabond apprentice in whom none could see any good. She raised him, succoured him, cherished him, surrounded him with her

conscious and unconscious influence ; she was the only education he ever received. When he left her he was no longer the worthless apprentice of an engraver, but a supreme master of all those arts which most powerfully evoke the ideals and emotions of mankind. We seldom open Rousseau's books now ; the immortal *Confessions*, and for some few readers *Emile*, alone remain. Nevertheless Rousseau once moved the world ; when the curious critic takes up innumerable counters from among our current sentiments and beliefs, and seeks to decipher the effaced image and superscription it is the pupil of Madame de Warens that he finds. She failed, it is true, to live her own life nobly. But she has played a not ignoble part in the life of the world, and it is time to render to her memory our small tribute of reverence.

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

THE CLUE.

Life from sunned peak, witched wood, and flowery dell
A hundred ways the eager spirit woos,
To roam, to dream, to conquer, to rebel;
Yet in its ear, ever a voice cries, Choose!

So many ways, yet only one shall find;
So many joys, yet only one shall bless;
So many creeds, yet for each pilgrim mind
One road to the divine forgetfulness.

Tongues talk of truth, but truth is only there
Where the heart runs to be outpoured utterly,
A stream whose motion is its home,—to dare
Follow one faith and in that faith be free.

O Love, since I have found one truth so true,
I would lose all, to lose my loss in you.

LAURENCE BINYON.



DAPHNE AND APOLLO

RICHARD FARQUHARSON:

A Chapter of Childhood.

Human life is a fragment, at best. . . . And that moment of childhood when, in one signal flash like the uncapping of the camera, character is fixed, is surely rather the record than the prophecy of a life afterwards lived?

1

Thrown upon his own resources, practically, at four years old, Richard Farquharson, at ten, was older in many ways than other boys of his age.

His memories grouped themselves into scenes; one was his nightmare.

That dreadful day! Did he really remember it, I wonder, or was it merely an imaginary landmark in that valley of vision which kept alive in him a spark of tenderness amidst the universal harshness and austerity of his life at Glune? He thought of it sometimes with that strange sort of pride which naturally brave children feel in recalling from a safe distance something which at the time was infinitely terrifying.

A cold bleak day, the first of days which were all bleak and cold: a line of dark shapes clustering close in the gloomy hall, grouped, circle-wise, about one central shadow deeper than the rest, over which heavy drapery was thrown. Upon this unknown object, the eyes of all were fixed; child as he was, Richard shrank back from it instinctively. And presently strange men appeared, a long line of figures formed up, led by one which for the first time struck utter terror into his soul—his mother's. And then they were no more, and Richard was left alone, forgotten, in a silence that frightened him so greatly that he could neither cry out nor move—a silence that seemed to catch hold of him with invisible fingers and tighten its grip upon his throat, as the outer door clanged upon him and left the four year old child in the room where a dishonoured death had lately held grim revel.

His nurse remembered him and ran back, perhaps five minutes later. But that five minutes of solitary anguish had done its work, spelling eternity to Richard, an eternity which the weekly sermons of the Forbeggie minister, dilating under fifteen or sixteen headings, on "The God of Wrath," and the torments of sinners, such as "The worm of the damned that dieth not," and "The fire that shall never be quenched," continually kept alive in him, but scarcely made more palatable.

But the years that followed brought Richard his compensations. "Fide et Fortitudine" was the motto of his race; he had learned its lessons early. He loved the lash of his inheritance, nor grudged one of the supperless occasions which

helped to retain the few splendours of a clan which derived from Macduff's-Thane of Fife. Indeed, he positively thrived on austerities that would have broken the spirit of a less hardy lad.

His taste for solitude was fostered by his enforced loneliness. The days went swiftly. To be more or less alone in the world, except for a collie dog, is not necessarily to be self-centred when every bird knows your call, when stoats and ferrets, even, are your familiar friends. Richard's mind—dependent upon nature for its amusements—was seldom called upon to translate the word "disappointment." The loneliness which wrapped him round became his dear possession, and was peopled with invisible companions. There was a hut in the park near the river, about three miles from the house, where Dan, the collie, and he played the part of settlers in a land full of enemies. He knew the range of every object within view; he altered its defences day after day, laying down wire entanglements, building rough stockades, or elementary trenches with look-holes and head-cover, in all of which Dan took deep interest. He was his own stern critic and yesterday's work was pulled down on the morrow, until the day came when he found it good. Covered with dirt, growing in experience, could the heart of boy ask more?

Nature is a jealous mistress, but she gives openly of her best to the lover who lives with her whole-heartedly as did Richard. His eye and ear became presently so well-trained, that from quite far he could detect a moving object, and, with

the wind blowing gently towards him and his ear to the ground, could distinguish a single footfall on a path nearly a mile away. Blindfold, or in the dark, he could make his way across his beloved land without a slip. Books of travels in far countries had taught him to destroy the tracks of his incoming and out-going, so every step of the way to this special place of concealment, had in it the thrill, the enchantment of an adventure. To him who has never been to a theatre, a country life becomes a beautiful play of birth and death; things move and have their being, that he may see them pass to their appointed end. The green earth is the stage, Nature the playwright, and God Himself the Great Scene-painter.

Richard's tutor, a half-blind village schoolmaster who came for three hours daily when Mrs. Farquharson could afford to pay his meagre fees, was the only "outside" person whom he ever saw. Between the boy and his mother there was neither communion nor confidence. Morning and evening he went to her dutifully, obeying the custom of his childhood, to find her sitting in her accustomed place, a high-backed chair in the library where his father's papers and diaries were collected. Her frozen lips—lips tightened into a line so hard that he always thought it must hurt her to move them—would meet his stiffly, with neither pressure nor lingering, and he would go from her presence with a sense of relief at a hard task fulfilled. That her eyes watched for him hungrily all day when he was least aware, that the tense figure was inwardly shaken and stirred with all the mother's passionate longing to

bend to him, to hold close to her own the slender limbs that had once lain warm and quiet beneath her heart, he never knew.

Mary Farquharson's pride in her son went hand in hand with a doubt so ceaseless, so torturing, that now it threatened to become a mania. Not everyone is strong enough to endure the strain of a great shame and sorrow with no outside help.

Richard's fatal likeness to her dead first-born—dearer even than Richard because the child of her early wifehood—was an image which ever tore her heart and left it bleeding. Would history repeat itself? What if Richard, too, had been born only to add to his brother's legacy of dishonour? If so, how welcome were death did he but come while her boy's heart was unstained!

Eyes that had looked as pure as his had been the caskets of a living lie; lips curved like his had betrayed her in her day. She would not willingly look upon the one, nor suffer the others to caress her.

In Douglas Farquharson's case there had been that sudden lapse towards a former vicious type which sometimes happens in a family that as a whole has bred fine men and fair women. Douglas' career was infamous even at school. When, page by page, the records of his life were spelled out by his mother even she could urge no better plea for him than that the selfishness of her love—given to man rather than to God—had worked the evil, marring and mutilating by its very passion.

In his mother's heart, Douglas lived ever, an image burnt

upon her flesh, a constant retribution. She longed to pass her days in scourges, in penance, but her religion forbade her even to pray for her dead. In the blindness of her despair, she invented for herself a species of soul crucifixion, laying her sacrifices of love and pride in Richard upon God's altar, never seeing how, in punishing herself, she wrought infinite harm upon an innocent child.

One morning, drawn early to the cool solitude of the river after a sleepless night, she saw Richard bathing : a slim white figure without an ounce of superfluous flesh on its bones, but with every muscle developed, and skin like satin shining white against the deep banks of copper bracken and undergrowth ; a picture framed by pines, through which the light of an autumn dawn came slow and chill. Hidden from him, she watched, with look wide and tender, with eyes as moist as the limbs from which he shook the water of the pool, as he stood strong and upright, breathing quickly after his swim. Bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh, she had given to the world a male being in which any human mother must take pride. . . His sudden gesture, the impatient pushing of his wet hair from his forehead, recalled her to herself with a sudden pang of bitter self-distrust, and she fled to the house as though the Spirit of Evil were pursuing her, trembling and ashamed.

It was after this that she instituted a new and more terrible rule of discipline, both for herself and for the boy. Richard came to her daily, as before, but now the conventional kiss was denied him, and a three hours study of the most

complicated points of Presbyterian doctrine took its place. The fate of sinners was the prevailing theme, the penalty of sins of whose very existence he was unaware. In the narrow hot room he stood rebellious, till sometimes his senses swayed. Outside the bees hummed and the birds sang, and the world he loved stretched in its infinite fairness—God's world that had hitherto raised his thoughts to its Maker. But now—this God of punishment, this God of the Old Law Who raised His Hand so often but to smite—he felt something almost approaching hatred of the Book from whose pages he was allowed to read nothing but words of denunciation and judgment.

Night after night, prone upon the bare floor of her bedroom, Mrs. Farquharson would kneel, praying with tears of abject contrition that her boy might be kept pure. And night after night, far away in his separate wing, Richard would await the stroke of midnight to run to a tryst which alone kept alive in him a germ of that natural feeling which his mother had crushed as utterly in him as she had sought to crush it in herself.

Eight—nine—ten—eleven—Midnight at last !

Richard, with a start, shook himself free from his dreams and woke to full and immediate consciousness of his surroundings. Much thinking, much loneliness, had made him older than his years. To-night, on the eve of his twelfth birthday, he felt that it was time to put away childish things. Amongst those childish things he numbered the habit of years—his nightly tryst with a portrait in the Picture Gallery which he had adopted as his “own” at six years old.

One has one’s favourites, even amongst ancestors. It was a certain Margaret Cunningham, daughter of that Earl of Glencairn who, being of the Privy Council of James V., was taken prisoner by the English in the year 1542 at the Battle of Solway, who had won Richard’s heart. Marrying a Farquharson, she died six months later, “whereat,” said tradition, “she waxed exceedingly joyful, since her love had been given since childhood to her cousin of Kilmaurs.”

True to his sex, Richard had been vanquished by the most tender, the most loveable little face in the whole gallery. It was to this portrait alone that he confided his dreams, his ambitions ; and it was to this one of all others that he found it so infinitely hard to say farewell.

But say farewell he would, notwithstanding, for the hardening process had already begun in him. In the future he must allow nothing, certainly not things trivial as mere womens’ portraits, to influence him. He had learned the

secrets of this life's success. A poor man must fight alone. Unhampered by ties of affection, alone can we hope to win the key of that secret cupboard in which the world hides her few prizes.

Past the King's Chamber, down the long corridor, beyond a row of rigid figures in armour, Richard sped, and at his accustomed place at the turn of the gallery his collie met him. Sometimes the boy might break faith ; the dog, never.

Richard pushed the door of the picture gallery wide, and stood on the threshold for a moment, a changed expression on his fresh sunny face. The older faces seemed to turn to him, expectant. Through the stained glass windows with their emblazoned coats of arms, a steady stream of moonlight flowed triumphantly, taking the colour of the glass it came through—now rose, and now a pallid green. Not less steadfast the light in the painted eyes of some of the men he looked upon ; martyrs in their way—men who had fought and died for a Cause—whose purposes, nor tears, nor smiles, nor force could turn.

He knew their histories, their records, man for man, woman for woman. Before some he paused longer than before others ; had the veil between the world invisible and this been rent, and the familiar shades taken fleshly form and called to him, he would have had no fear. They were his friends and comrades ; he passed before them as before a tribunal, with head erect.

The gallery was said to be haunted—who cared ! In the

past, Richard himself had "made believe" that some day they should meet so earnestly, that more than once he had almost fancied that he heard the rustle of a silken skirt, or saw the flash of some dead soldier's dirk. . . . But usually, at the critical moment, a cold draught from an opening door would blow upon him suddenly bleak, like the wind in the heather on the moor; the door would open, and his frightened nurse would bring a light, and lock him in his room again, with a severe scolding, and the dream—like many another later dream—would break.

"Perhaps that is what dreams are made for, Dan," he said once to his collie; and Dan looked up with the pathetic eyes of a dog who knows more than his master.

With his hands clenched very firmly and an uncomfortable tightening of his throat, Richard looked at the portrait of his ancestress to-night, and thought again, as he had often thought before, that it was strange God did not make mothers in a mould like this. Unconsciously in that moment he committed every line of the portrait to memory, never to be erased—the oval face, the soft hair, a dark curtain, banded over the low white forehead; the grave eyes that followed him everywhere, and that had been painted with a hint of tears, a favourite trick in a certain school of art: the turn of the erect head, the white neck just shewing beneath a veil of white. The moonlight fell upon all these lovingly. One little beam of light travelled upwards, lingering in the shadows of the misty eyes.

But these were childish things, the kind of things a future empire-builder must infallibly renounce. "Good-bye," Richard said gravely, "Dan and I aren't ever coming to see you again. Not like this, I mean, not in the old way, at least. I'm growing up, you see, and when one grows up, one can't go on doing these silly things."

But he walked away from the picture very sadly all the same, and thought that Margaret's eyes that night were very misty because, unconsciously, he himself saw them through a mist of tears. . . . How cold it was! He must have been there far longer than he meant; his bare feet on the parquet floor were cold as death, and he called to Dan, who had, contrary to his usual custom, scampered away from him to snuffle anxiously at the closed door.

Outside through one light pane of glass, Richard could see the snow thick on the white stone balustrade; how silently and swiftly it must have fallen! When he came in there had been only a few flakes. At that moment there was a sound as of something falling, and Dan escaping from his master's hand with a whine, leapt forward again, scenting eagerly, then scratched at the door with a long whine of terror.

The snow fell softly; something else had fallen too. Something that pressed against the door that Richard strove to open, at first gently, then with a sudden dread that tore at his heart-strings, and taxed his self-control. As it gave way at last, it pressed the unknown obstacle back with it—the

unknown obstacle, at sight of which the boy fell on his knees with a sharp cry. For it was a woman's figure—his mother's—which lay there in the moonlight, with its thin arms stretched out towards him, giving way too late to the longing it had repressed for years.

Face to face with death for the second time, Richard found himself more wondering than pitiful, more perplexed than sad. How swiftly God's arrows struck—how unerringly! The terrified staring eyes seemed to challenge his with a question which death had failed to answer, a question which would now be answered only on the Hither Shore. He tried to close the staring eyes and failed; tried once again, but failed, and then rose, shuddering. His cry had awakened his old nurse, who came to him feebly, candle in hand, with Dan sniffing at her ankles. At sight of his master the dog ran forward, and then, aware of mourning, crouched quietly on the floor beside the dead. And Richard looking down upon his mother, and hearing nurse Ailsa's lamentation come to him as if from far away, recognised that this was indeed "the end," that he had "put away" "childish things" once and for all.

MAY BATEMAN.



THE WORLD IS OLD TO NIGHT.

JILL'S CAT.

Where Jill's cat came from I have no idea ; she just came. I first set eyes on her when one night, returning from dinner, I found her coiled up in an arm-chair in the drawing-room very fast asleep. So with a certain amount of mild, though I think, justifiable indignation, I thereupon opened the door of the room and the door into the garden, and advanced upon her clapping my hands and emitting loud and terrible noises in order to drive her out. But she merely stretched one paw with extreme laziness, looked at me with half a yellow eye, as if to say : "That noise is in deplorably bad taste, but I suppose you don't know any better," and went to sleep again.

This would not do at all, and though I was sorry to have to do it, thus violating the ancient and sacred rights of sanctuary, still it was impossible for me to give a home to any cat who might happen to come along. So I took her up with both hands, as M. Pierre Loti so justly advises, intending to put her bodily out into the garden and shut the door. But the moment I touched her she set up a loud tea-kettle purr, and still more than half asleep, licked with a rough pink tongue the hand that was near her head.

Now of all the curious qualities which cats possess, that of confidence in strangers is one of the rarest, and to the stranger who knows anything about them, certainly the most disarming. Most cats would have scurried angrily from the room at the rude noises I had made, and woke up all green distrustfulness on being touched. Not so Jill's cat; she just said: "Are you still there? How nice! Let's go to sleep again at once." So I told myself (without really believing it), that I would definitely drive her away in the morning, and left her in possession of her chair. But all my instincts told me that she had come to stay, and I know that if a cat really makes up its mind to do anything, that thing, unless you kill it, it will do.

Now most cats are absolutely without tact; they are obstinate, easily bored (shewing their boredom in a manner which it is impossible to mistake), and have the rooted conviction that the whole round world exists in order to amuse and interest them. But Jill's cat, so I firmly believe, had the tact

of all the other cats ever created, which accounts for their having none. For when the housemaid came into the room next morning to dust, Jill's cat greeted her at once as an old and valued friend, and went to meet her with little cries of welcome, making a poker of her tail. The housemaid in consequence, thawed by these well-bred manners, took her down into the kitchen to give her a saucer of milk before ejecting her. Jill's cat was hungry, and with the dainty eagerness of her race began to lick up her breakfast. But half-way through she suddenly froze into stone, but for the end of a twitching tail, and regarded with the eye of a Huntress the wainscoting opposite. Next moment a mouse was pinned by those velvet paws, and in less than another moment there was no mouse at all. The tail she did not care about, and deposited it, as a small token of homage and affection, at the feet of the cook. Then, this piece of diplomacy successfully carried through, she finished her milk, the walls of Jericho, so to speak, tottering to their fall at her assault.

But had Jill's cat known, there was a far more critical and hazardous passage still before her, for the house was ruled not by me, nor by the housemaid, nor even by the cook, that dispenser of succulence and joy, but by Jill, and Jill being young was capricious, and being far more highly born than any of us, was proud. Being also a fox-terrier she liked biting. She had slept as usual that night on various parts of my bed and me, and came down with me in the morning. I had forgotten for the moment all about the cat, and entered

the dining-room for breakfast with Jill circling round me and making short runs at my boots, which she had lately taken into her head were enemies of some kind and dangerous to hearth and home.

There on the hearth-rug, neatly arranged round one hind-leg which stuck up in the middle of her like a flagstaff, sat the cat, diligently employed on affairs of the toilet. The scurry of our entrance disturbed her ablutions, and looking round with a calm and trustful eye she saw Jill. Probably Jill had never seen a cat before, and I had one moment of horrified suspense as to whether the cat would go for Jill, or Jill for the cat. In any case the flying of fur or hair seemed imminent and inevitable. But Jill's cat was equal, more than equal to the occasion, and never have I seen "the right thing" so quickly conceived, or so instantaneously performed. With one stealthy movement she was underneath a corner of the tablecloth, which hung down to the ground, and a paw was put gingerly out with little dabs and jerks to entice Jill to begin to play at once. Now how should that cat have known that a hand concealed under a rug or the corner of a curtain, and making known its presence by concealed movements, was a thing irresistible to Jill? But she did know it, and before I could snatch Jill up to avert the impending catastrophe, no catastrophe impended any longer, and the two were engaged in a gorgeous game of hide-and-seek behind curtains, table legs, fenders, the Daily Telegraph and chairs, wherever in fact there was a possibility of making mysterious and secret stirrings.

So destiny shapes our ends ; from that moment the stranger of the night before had entered on a new existence, and became Jill's cat.

In a manner of speaking, she had also become Jill's governess, for Jill being young was flirtatiously inclined, and through the railings of the front garden, which gave on to the road, behaved in a very vulgar barmaid sort of fashion, and "drew in" (I am sorry to use such an expression, but I know of none other that fits the case) the young gentleman of the neighbourhood. The railings were too narrow to admit of Jill's squeezing her plump little body through (she tried once and stuck, and roused the entire parish by the shrillness of her lamentations) and she had to content herself with putting her head through, and kissing practically any gentleman who came to present himself. But Jill's cat—a model of respectability—instantly stopped these very unladylike proceedings, for whenever she observed Jill trotting off with a particularly demure air to talk to her friends, she would follow, and from the vantage-ground of the gate-post turn herself into a perfect fury of vindictive rage, and by her spitting and swearing, distract the gentlemen from their love giving them war instead. Our particular terrier, who was a common loafer at Jill's bar was the object of her special aversions, and the language she thought fit to employ to him was really responsible, I fancy, for the blistering of the paint on the gate.

Jill's cat had a perfect mania for work, and her work consisted in catching anything that was alive. Within three days

of her arrival I am convinced there was no mouse left in the house, and having cleared the place of them she turned her attention to birds, butterflies, and snails. The work among the birds I regretted, but it was quite impossible to stop it, since it seemed engrained in her nature that no living thing except ourselves had any right to enter the house or garden. It took her some time to discover that snails were alive, but that fact once clearly grasped, they took their place among the trophies of the chase, which were duly presented on the return of the huntress to Jill, the cook, or me. This generosity had its drawbacks, for Jill was like other children very fond of "collections," and was in the habit of concealing small objects of various kinds in the folds of the blanket in her basket. Thus one day I found there two dead and unfledged birds, a snail, and portion of what had once been a white butterfly.

Her work, together with various sudden excursions to the garden-railing to swear at the dogs of the neighbourhood, used to take Jill's cat's morning; that over, she cleaned herself, for it was clearly a waste of time to do so until the house-work was done, and played with Jill till dinner. Then came the desolating moment of the day, for Jill went for her walk, and her cat sat disconsolately at the window waiting for her return. The moment she entered the gate she rushed to meet her, and indulged in extravagant displays of affection. Evening came, and they slept together in Jill's basket, after a wild romp in which they kicked each other in the face, by way of showing their deep and unalterable regard.

A year passed thus, and then occurred an event which for the time completely puzzled Jill's cat, for Jill became the mother of four puppies, and in a moment turned from being a rather flighty young woman into a perfect demon of rage and suspicion if anyone approached them. Even when she was given her food it had to be placed at some distance from her box, where she lay with chattering snarling mouth, ready to defend her own against any who came near. But Jill's cat did not know this, and coming into the outhouse where Jill lay, after her work was done on the morning the puppies were born, ready to play, she had to fly for her life, and seek refuge on the top of the garden wall, where she crouched, trembling with fright and indignation, and deeply hurt at this outrageous reception. Never had such a thing occurred; it was a bolt from the blue; the bottom had fallen out of her universe, and she lifted up her voice and howled for the anguish of her heart. And Jill quivering with rage snarled at her from below.

For the time Jill's whole nature was changed; there were, no more excursions to the garden-gate to kiss indiscriminate gentlemen, she had neither time nor inclination to play with her cat, and she was convinced that the world was banded together to work the destruction of her puppies. But this fierce access of protective maternity on her part lasted not more than a few days, and one afternoon she left the hay-packed box where the puppies lay, and trotted across the lawn to where I sat at some little distance off with her cat. The latter remembering Jill's unprovoked assault sprang up

the trunk of a tree as she approached, and glared distrustfully through the leaves, while Jill whined and whimpered below, and put herself into engaging postures of play on the grass. Then step by step still cautiously her cat descended to the lowest branch of the tree, and after a long pause there forgot and forgave, and took a flying leap at her friend. Next moment they were kicking each other in the face in the old manner, and flying in agitated excursions through the flower-beds.

But soon Jill's maternal heart yearned again for the muzzling noses, and she ran back to the wood-shed. Then ensued a thrilling piece of animal psychology. Very slowly the cat followed, and at length peeped cautiously in. From inside there was dead silence; Jill was evidently pondering whether her friend could be trusted, then after a pause I heard a little friendly note of welcome and her cat entered. So I followed and looked in. Jill was lying inside her box, the four puppies cuddled up against her, and her cat was sitting by it looking with wide and wondering eyes at the phenomenon. Then she raised one paw gently and delicately, and with it just touched the puppies. Then advancing another step, she licked them very gently with the top of a pink tongue. And Jill said "Wooff: wasn't it clever of me to have got them?" And we were all very happy that marriage after all had not caused any separation between old friends.

So the mysterious bond of sympathy and affection between the two, only deepened instead of being broken, and Jill's cat became a sort of aunt to the puppies. True, there

was one moment of unfounded suspicion on Jill's part when two out of the four puppies unaccountably vanished, and she was inclined to set it down to her cat, but this past, she welcomed her friend as joint educator of the young, and even allowed the best-beloved to go staggering excursions, first about the wood-shed and later over the whole romantic playground of the garden, under the protection of his aunt. By degrees, too, the fascination of biting and kicking one's aunt in the face became apparent, and I have often seen the whole four of them mingled in one inextricable and struggling mass of paws and open mouths.

The road just outside the gate was a long straight level, much haunted by motor-cars. It was here that the end came to that strange animal friendship, for one day Jill was run over and killed just outside the house. The small slain body was brought in, and while the grave was being dug in the garden, Jill lay on the grass, quite still. And as she lay there, her cat came out of the house and went up to her, her work being over, and she therefore disengaged and desirous of relaxation. But Jill did not seem inclined to play, and her cat strolled off again. Then she returned and sat down by her looking at her, and again tried to attract her attention, touched her on the nose with her paw, and made a feint of running away. Then as this did not answer she stole off into the bushes and came back carrying a snail in her mouth, which she laid by her, giving a little cry of appeal. But the grave was ready by now, and they took Jill up and laid her in it and filled in the earth.

That night I was strolling about the garden and saw something white under the tree where Jill had been buried. It was Jill's cat sitting on the grave.

E. F. BENSON.



THE GABLED HOUSE.

PROVERBIAL ROMANCES.

1. THE MERCHANT AND THE ROBBER.

A merchant, having charge of a very valuable jewel, was travelling for safety in the garb of a beggar, when he was set upon by three robbers who demanded of him the stone.

Perceiving that his assailants were aware of his secret, he said to them "Why should three of you wish to be hanged for a robbery that a single one of you could accomplish; or why should three of you come to take that which can only make one of you happy?"

They answered him "We are not going to be hanged: we shall sell the jewel and divide the proceeds equally between us."

"You seem to be very honest fellows," said the merchant, "but you are none the less fools! This jewel belongs to my master, the Emperor; and assuredly I shall inform him of how you have robbed me."

"You will not!" they replied, "for before we part you will be dead."

"Whether I am to die or not will be presently revealed," answered the merchant, "for that is in the hands of Allah: but it grieves me that all three of you should seek to stain your souls with the crime of killing me. Therefore I will

give up this jewel to that one of you alone who will refrain from adding my murder to the list of his iniquities."

As he said this, the merchant perceived the gentlest of the robbers twitching an open palm towards him. Throwing to him the jewel, he said: "Take it and run, and may Allah reward you for your mercy!"

The robber having the jewel in possession fled, pursued by the other two, who presently came up with him. The conflict which ensued was watched by the merchant with interest. Many hard blows were exchanged ere the gentle robber came off exhausted but victorious leaving the other two dead upon the ground.

Then the merchant advanced towards him with a bold front and demanded the restoration of the jewel. The gentle robber, seeing himself now weakened by wounds, and the merchant strong, made no difficulty about returning the stolen property.

"Your shameless greed has saved my life," said the merchant, "but it is not well in the eyes of Allah that you should go unpunished." Having said so, he bound his preserver to a tree and bastinadoed him unsparingly. "One feels no gratitude," he added, "to those who benefit us by the exercise of ill-gotten power."

"I should think," wept the gentle robber as the merchant was departing, "that you must be an Emperor yourself to play such a high and mighty mean trick on one whom you yourself led into temptation!"

2. THE KING AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

A certain King happening to be bound on a private adventure which required not only secrecy and discretion, but two persons to handle it with ease and comfort, took with him a learned slave, in whose fidelity and sagacity he had the utmost confidence. The King having instructed his companion as to the affair in hand, the philosophic one perceived that his presence and assistance were absolutely necessary for the King's comfort and safety.

Therefore, as they were crossing by a narrow footbridge a torrent, considerably swollen by rains, the slave folded his arms, committed himself to the favour of God, and projected himself into the flood below.

The King perceiving his slave about to be snatched from him at a time highly inconvenient for his own person, and learning by hasty enquiry that the Philosopher had only a book-knowledge of swimming, plunged selfishly to the rescue.

To his surprise he found that all the rudiments of swimming which the Philosopher possessed, were being employed by him to escape the life-saving clutches which his master was directing towards him. As often as the monarch caught hold of a garment, the Philosopher quitted it with the agility of an acrobat. "Your majesty," said he, "may succeed in undressing me, but you shall not succeed in saving me!"

"How is this?" asked the King, "have you no gratitude

for the efforts I am making on your behalf ? ”

“ I am your majesty’s property ” said the Philosopher, “ and the efforts you make interest me, but do not excite my gratitude. Yet I am flattered to see the value you put upon the head of one so unworthy. ” “ What ” cried the King, “ is the object you have behind your present evasion of my wishes ? ”

“ I am determined, ” answered the other, “ that death is preferable to slavery, even to the kindest of masters ; and I will only give myself up into your majesty’s hands on condition that you restore to me my liberty. ”

The King, having no other course open, consented to the Philosopher’s terms, and ratified the same with an oath. The Philosopher then committed himself to the King’s arms, and they presently came to land in safety at a point some five miles further down the stream, than that at which the controversy between them had begun.

Without any further dispute they continued their adventure together, in the course of which the Philosopher proved himself many times essential to the King’s comfort and safety.

On their return to the capital the King caused a document to be drawn up restoring to the Philosopher his liberty. But the next day, the monarch, who had caught a violent cold from his long immersion in the water, gave orders for the head of his new freeman to be cut off. By which it may be seen that with kings an oath is an instrument which may easily lose its point, whereas freedom is a weapon which kings also can handle, cutting both ways.

3. THE POET AND HIS MISTRESS.

In hell, amongst all the company of gallants and gay ladies there tossing and turning to get rid of the torment of their hot bodies, one woman sat alone and smiled. She bore herself with the air of a listener, lifting her head now and then as though some voice from above attracted her.

"Who is yonder woman?" enquired a new-comer, dazzled by her exceeding beauty, "the one with smooth ivory limbs and red hair falling through her arms and on to her lap? She is the only soul here whose eyes are ever looking aloft; what skeleton does she keep in the cupboard of God up yonder?"

"They say," one made haste to answer, "that she was a great singer in her day, with a voice like a falling star in a clear sky; and that when she came here to meet her doom, God took her voice from her and cast it to the eternal echoes of the spheres, finding it too beautiful a thing to let die. So now she hears it with recognition, and shares still the pleasure that God takes in it. Do not speak to her, for she believes that she is in Heaven."

"No, that is not her story," said another.

"What, then?"

"It is this: On earth a poet made his song of her, so that her name became eternally wedded to his verse, which still rings on the lips of men. Now she lifts her head and hears his praise of her eternally going on wherever language is

spoken."

"Did she love him well?"

"So little that here and now she passes him daily, and does not recognise his face!"

"And he?"

The other laughed and answered: "It is he who just now told you that tale concerning her voice, continuing here the lies which he used to make about her when they two were on earth!"

4. THE KING AND HIS WORD.

A certain King became greatly enamoured of a lady whose beauty was such that it dazzled all beholders. Therefore he desired to make her his wife.

She, however, would have none of him. "I know too well," said she, "what fate awaits all beautiful women who marry kings; for a while they are loved with trust, then they are loved with jealousy; then, for no cause at all, their beautiful heads are taken off them and piled on a dish before the King to be regarded merely as the fruits of experience."

The King was ready to protest all faith in her, but she stopped his lips. "Nay," said she, "unless you swear to me by Heaven and by Hell, by your honour among men, and your soul's safety hereafter, also by the tombs of your ancestors, that you will do me no hurt except you yourself discover me

in an act of unfaithfulness towards you, I will not accept the peril of this honour which you thrust on me."

So the King swore by Heaven and by Hell, by his honour and by his soul, and by the tombs of his ancestors, giving her the oath in writing sealed with the royal signet. And she, for her part gave him her promise that she would be faithful to him while life lasted.

So they were married, and in no long time the King began to be devoured by the pangs of jealousy, eating daily the bread of doubt, and drinking the waters of suspicion. Never dared he let himself go from her side, save it were when he went yearly to worship and fast at the tombs of his ancestors, to which no woman, not the Queen herself, might go.

In vain did he surround her with guards, and set spies of his most trusted servants to bring him word of her doings, no slur or stain could any of them cast on the Queen's honour; and all the more did the absence of rumour inflame his jealousy. He believed that her beauty had beguiled all men into her service against him; nay, at last he suspected that every man who failed to bring word crediting her with dishonour must be himself a partner in the offence; so there were many executions done in those days in solemn sacrifice to the Queen's beauty.

Forty-nine times he bore to the verge of madness the weight of jealousy that came at each time of ceremonial absence; for the passing of years made no diminution in the Queen's loveliness.

On the fiftieth anniversary, when the days of sacred fasting and seclusion called for him, beseeching forgiveness of Heaven, he turned back secretly from the tombs of his ancestors, nor stayed the set time ; for now his will mounted to madness that he would have proof for his jealousy and release from his royal oath which made him refrain from the word for her death. Therefore, with great subtlety, the King put on the disguise of a merchant, staining his face and hands, and letting no mark on his person show by which he might be known. Then he took with him jewels of great price, and coming to the palace caused himself to be led into the presence of the Queen.

She, seeing such wonders, was willing to give all the wealth she had to get possession of them. But the King had left her with a small purse, and the price he now asked was fabulous. When she informed him that this was beyond her, he answered softly, "There is another price, O fairest of all fair women, that can only be asked in secret."

Then she put all forth from her and said, "Thou would'st come into my chamber to ask me that?" "Even so," said he. And she answered, "Give me the jewels: whatever it is I grant it before the asking." Then she retired from him for a while, but afterwards returned, and she led him in; and they were together, and all doors closed.

About midnight she said to him, "My lord, forty-nine times thou hast returned to me in disguise; yet is it only at this fiftieth time that I have discovered thee!"

Then the King rose, and drawing forth his sword, cried, "Now out of thine own mouth hast thou released me, and given me back my royal word, to do to thee as thou deservest." And so saying he struck off her head.

On the morrow when the King sat in state, and the Queen's death was noised in whispers through the palace, there came to him a slave that had been in the Queen's service, bearing a small coffer and weeping. "Oh, my lord," said the slave, "yesterday while you were yet absent, the Queen gave me this, and bade me lay it before the King's feet on his return, telling him how great was her sorrow that she had not herself power now to be its bearer."

Wondering, the King took the casket. In it lay his own written word sealed and signed, and beside it another scroll, which, opening, he read: "O Lord, to kill and to make alive, when thou receivest this thou art without honour on earth and without soul in Heaven, for I shall be dead by thy hand, not having been found by thee in any act of unfaithfulness soever. For neither in body or in spirit was there deceit in me, seeing that I beheld thee through thy disguise. As for that which I told thee, truly thou hast returned to me forty-nine times disguised as a King; only this fiftieth time have I known thee certainly for the dust thou art. And since my beauty, through thy jealousy brought death to many, it is better that I only should die, who have become over-weary of my bondage to such an one as thee. So now I beg thee, who art without honour or soul, for the little time that is left thee, have pity

upon others whose life thou would'st cut in half."

The King read: and straightway he ordered to be struck off, the head of the slave who had brought him the Queen's message; for though by his oath he had neither honour nor soul left, he remembered that he was still a King.

5. THE ROSE AND THE THORN.

A certain Commander of the Faithful, had as the Favourite of his harem, a lady more beautiful than all the stars and their moons about them,—but with a shrew's tongue. The pathway to her favour lay through torrents of abuse, which cast him without dignity and crownless before her imperious feet. But, none the less, love of her mastered him so greatly that he looked on no other woman with any concern.

After many sleepless nights and days without rest, he hardly knew whether he were the most cursed or the most blessed of mortals; for truly his vigils gave him the continual consciousness of her charms, though all the while her mouth was like the crater of a volcano in eruption pouring out lava of vituperation upon his head.

One day his chief chamberlain, beholding him nursing a sick headache, said, "Why, O shadow of God, dost thou continue to endure this evil, seeing that He hath made thee the master of all things? If the Light of the harem were tongueless, she were perfect. Therefore give orders, O Commander of the Faithful, and it shall be seen to!"

So presently the counsel of the chief chamberlain took effect, and the Favourite's mouth became as a dove's for quietness. But now the Sultan found that his love for her was altogether flown; her beauty seemed to him flavourless and insipid; and all desire for her favours grew drowsy for lack of the naggings wherewith she had been wont so constantly to assail him.

Then he saw that her way with him had been one of pure reason and beneficence. Seeing that Kings, having through their high estate to be left uncorrected in other matters, have need to be corrected to their appetites, by goadings and thwartings which are not necessary for the less spoiled children of fortune.

And because of his deep grief, the Sultan sacked the chief chamberlain, and sought through all his dominions till he found another woman less fair, but gifted in like measure with a shrewishness of tongue to take the place of his lost Favourite.

6. THE MAN WHO SOLD HIS SOUL.

A certain traveller, passing through the slums of a great city, came there upon a man whose countenance indicated a grief which he could not fathom. The traveller, being a curious student of the human heart, stopped him and said: "Sir, what is this grief which you carry before the eyes of all men, so grievous that it cannot be hidden, yet so deep that it

cannot be read?

The man answered: "It is not I who grieve so greatly, it is my soul, of which I cannot rid me. And my soul is more sorrowful than death, for it hates me, and I hate it."

The traveller said "If you will sell your soul to me you can be well rid of it." The other answered: "Sir, how can I sell you my soul?" "Surely," replied the traveller, "you have but to agree to sell me your soul at its full price, then, when I bid it, it comes to me. But every soul has its true price; and only at that, neither at more nor at less, can it be bought."

Then said the other: "At what price shall I sell you this horrible thing, my soul?"

The traveller answered: "When a man first sells his own soul he is like that other betrayer; therefore its price should be thirty pieces of silver. But after that, if it passes to other hands, its value becomes small; for to others the souls of their fellow-men are worth very little."

So for thirty pieces of silver the man sold his soul, and the traveller took it and departed.

Presently the man, having no soul, found that he could do no sin. Though he stretched out his arms to sin, sin would not come to him. "You have no soul," said sin, and passed him by. "Wherefore should I come to you? I have no profit in a man that has no soul?"

Then the man without a soul became very miserable, for though his hands touched what was foul they remained clean,

and though his heart longed for wickedness it remained pure ; and when he thirsted to dip his lips in fire they remained cool.

Therefore a longing to recover his soul took hold of him, and he went through the world searching for the traveller to whom he had sold it, that he might buy it back and again taste sin in his own body.

After a long time the traveller met him, but hearing his request he laughed and said : " After a while your soul wearied me, and I sold it to a Jew for a smaller sum than I paid for it."

" Ah ! " cried the man, " if you had come to me I would have paid more." The traveller answered : " You could not have done that ; a soul cannot be bought or sold but at its just price. Your soul came to be of small value in my keeping, so to be rid of it I sold it to the first comer for considerably less money than I paid in the beginning."

So parting from him the man continued his quest, wandering over the face of the earth and seeking to recover his lost soul. And one day as he sat in the bazaar of a certain town a woman passed him, and looking at him said : " Sir, why are you so sad ? It seems to me there can be no reason for such sadness." The man answered : " I am sad because I have no soul, and am seeking to find it."

The other said : " Only the other night I bought a soul that had passed through so many hands that it had become dirt-cheap ; but it is so poor a thing I would gladly be rid of it. Yet I bought it for a mere song ; and a soul can only be sold at its just price ; how, then, shall I be able to sell it again—for

what is worth less than a song ? And it was but a light song that I sang over the wine-cup to the man who sold it me."

When the other heard that he cried : " It is my own soul ! Sell it to me, and I will give you all that I possess ! "

The woman said : " Alas, I did but pay for it with a song, and I can but sell it again at its just price. How then can I be rid of it, though it cries and laments to be set free ? "

The man without a soul laid his head to the womans' breast, and heard within it the captive soul whimpering to be set free, to return to the body it had lost. " Surely," he said, " it is my own soul ! " If you will sell it to me I will give you my body, which is worth less than a song from your lips."

So, for his body, the other sold to him the soul that whimpered to be set free to return to its own place. But so soon as he received it he rose up aghast : " What have you done ? " he cried, " and what is this foul thing that has possession of me ? For this soul that you have given me is not my soul ! "

The woman laughed and said : " Before you sold your soul into captivity it was a free soul in a free body ; can you not recognise it now it comes to you from the traffic of the slave-market ? So, then, your soul has the greater charity, since it recognises and returns to you, though you have sold your body miserably into bondage ! "

And thus it was that the man had to buy back at the cost of his body the soul which he let go for thirty pieces of silver.

7. FATHER AND SON.

There was once a young man of left-handed parentage, who, from his birth had been seized with an unnatural desire to redress in the punishment of his father the wrong done to his mother. She indeed had been the victim of a betrayal cruel enough to arouse more than ordinary resentment. But she was of a mild and forgiving disposition, and the only act of self-assertion she allowed herself, was to die in giving her son birth.

With just so much assistance from her as that, the son started on life equipped with all the passionate and unforgiving qualities of his other parent.

From the days when he could first toddle, his aim was to wreak vengeance on the man whose cruelty and neglect had made him at once a bastard and an orphan.

So soon as he was grown up to independence, his years of indiscretion began, and he started nosing among the garbage of humanity for a clue to his father's whereabouts.

Presently getting wind of him, the son almost had him in hand had not his parent, pricked by a guilty conscience, got himself hurriedly to a place of concealment and safety.

Again pursued, he took flight into the next hemisphere. The world watching beheld a breathless hide-and-seek going on between the pair, so that after a few years the weary life

his son caused him to lead, forced the father into a certain measure of repentance which would not otherwise have occurred to him. Thus it came about that finally he died in something like the odour of sanctity, respectably attended by priest and doctor.

His son arrived only in time to curse the doctor for having precipitated a catastrophe which a lifetime of wrathful sun-settings had taught him to regard as his own perquisite. He returned home sadly and hanged himself to his mother's grave-stone, trusting to be permitted in the next world to carry out the interrupted project of vengeance which was now his one passion.

In hell he was greatly delighted to find that the law still permitted and encouraged the pursuit of vengeance; and for a good while he found some enjoyment running about in search of the man he wished to devour.

After weeks of a species of fiery slumming in the lowest quarter of the infernal regions, he received from the Devil a kindly word of enlightenment. "My poor child," said he "do you not know that, thanks to you, your father made a penitent ending, and in consequence is receiving his reward in a better place than this?"

For the first time the revengeful soul thirsted with despair, perceiving the gulf fixed. "Now I know that I am in hell," said he with conviction, "since I cannot give that man of sin the dubbing he deserves."

Casting about in his mind—"And my mother?" he added

presently.

"Poor, forgiving little thing!" said the Devil compassionately, "I have not the heart to grudge her her present happiness. While you were on earth threatening perdition to the man she loved, she had a devil of a time of it, but your arrival here transported her to the seventh heaven."

8. THE PRINCE AND HIS TWO MISTRESSES.

A certain Prince had a mistress, of whom, after many years he began to tire, finding her exceeding faithfulness to him grow wearisome. So beginning to neglect his former passion, and having lighted on a new love of deeper complexion and more to his present taste, he made a song in praise of her beauty.

"After day" he sang, "comes night, and the moon lifts up her face; after red locks dark locks have hold on me!"

Before long his former mistress observing that his ardour slackened, found where her felicity had flown to; and without haste took counsel with herself how to regain the lost place which her jealousy and devotion still coveted.

Presently on his visits to his new mistress, the Prince began to recognise certain jewels adorning her person, which he had bestowed in other days on the one who had then crowned his fancy. "Whence came these?" he began enquir-

ing, after searching vainly in his own mind for a solution.

For a while his new lady-love sought to evade his questions ; but when she could no more put him off (while she needs must flaunt the trinkets as more and more of them came into her possession), she answered : " There is a certain skew-eyed and faded creature, a poor broken-down old troll, who comes and drops these on me at times. And her tale is of the strangest ; but as I profit by her madness I let it go. And what she says to me is this : ' One of the many who have long wearied me with their love is now your lover ; and that is well, since it leaves me free to follow my own liking. Therefore, I pray you bind him close to you and keep him from troubling me further ; and every time that you receive him I, in thankfulness to be rid of him, will bring you a token of my gratitude, which I hold well earned, since then I can be in the arms of the lover I love truly.' This is her story, and truly I have reaped profit out of it, for each time you visit me she brings me a fresh jewel. Why, then, should I laugh in the face of the poor thing who is happy in her folly ? "

But when he had considered the matter well, the Prince left her, and went back to his former mistress.

9. TWO KINGS AND THEIR QUEENS.

Two Kings, who bore rule over adjoining territories having come together amicably, in state and with a great

retinue, for the settlement of a disputed question of boundaries, became greatly enamoured each of the other's consort.

While in public they were defining one boundary amicably from day to day, each in secret was plotting how another boundary might be over-stepped. The Queens, finding themselves royally pursued, remained demure, but put their heads together for a friendly purpose by stealth, not wishing to disturb the political situation.

So presently, by the aid of chamberlains and ladies of honour, all ready to take bribes at cross-purposes, the game grew hot ; virtuous protestation died on the Queens' lips, and the monarchs came each to the belief that he had, without knowledge of the other, secured an assignation which would overwhelm his infelicity.

A hunting expedition, and a certain mis-arrangement of the pavilions destined for the separated repose of royalty, gave the occasion and the means ; the Kings beheld a way pointed to them, more plainly than by any star in the East, for the consummation of their desires.

What was the chagrin of the two monarchs on awakening to the light of reason after an experience which had made each believe himself the most blest of mortals, to find that they had fallen into a lawful embrace, and had deceived themselves with the decorous bonds of matrimony.

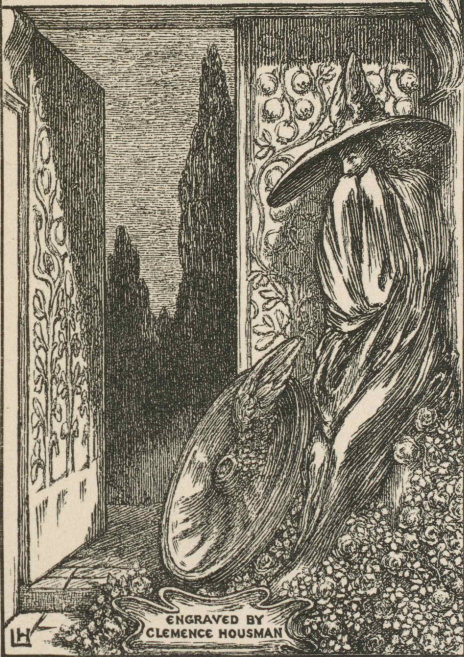
The ladies themselves put a quiet countenance on the matter, and were astonished when presently they lost their two heads for the crime of being found in the embraces of

their own true lords, time not being given them to make the mathematical calculation by which their judges arrived at a conviction of their intended guiltiness.

Whether, indeed, those lords signed their death-warrants as thieves defrauded of their booty, or as owners finding their possession threatened, only kings themselves can decide. But it is sometimes more dangerous to force kings into the paths of virtue than to attract them into the ways of vice.

LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

THE BLUE MOON
BY LAURENCE HOUSMAN
LONDON: JOHN MURRAY 1904



ENGRAVED BY
CLEMENCE HOUSMAN

MARRIAGES ARE MADE IN HEAVEN.

A Play in One Act.

CHARACTERS :

JACK RAYNER.

MRS. VIVYAN.

HERBERT PATON.

A MAIDSERVANT.

SCENE : A drawing room in Mrs. Vivyan's house.

JACK and Mrs. VIVYAN are having tea. LOTTIE is a rather elaborately dressed woman of eight-and-twenty, handsome and self-possessed. She has an easy manner which suggests that she has consorted with men rather than with women. JACK RAYNER is thirty-two ; there is about him a certain weariness as if he had lived hard and found life difficult. His face is sunburnt, somewhat lined and worn.

JACK : I say, Lottie, has it occurred to you that this is our last day of single blessedness ?

LOTTIE : Of course it has. I've been thinking of nothing else for a week.

JACK : Are you glad ?

LOTTIE : I think I'm anxious. I want to have it over safely. I'm so afraid that something will happen.

JACK (*with a laugh*) : What nonsense ! The fates can't help being friendly at last.

LOTTIE: I've gone through so much. I've lost all confidence in my luck.

JACK: And you're solemnly going to swear that you will love, honour and obey me. By Jove, I'm a nice object to honour.

LOTTIE: I think I can, Jack; and love and obey you too.

JACK: That's very good of you, old girl. I doubt whether either of us has many illusions; but we'll do our best.

LOTTIE: A breath of country air and they'll all come back again.

JACK: I hope to goodness they don't. Illusions are like umbrellas, you no sooner get them than you lose them; and the loss always leaves a little painful wound. But don't let us be sentimental. . . . How shall we celebrate the last of our liberty?

LOTTIE: Do you want to do anything? You're so energetic.

JACK: Shall we dine out and go to the Empire, and then on to the Covent Garden?

LOTTIE (*with sudden passion*): Oh no, I could'nt stand it. I'm sick of the Empire, sick to death. I want never to go to a music-hall again. I want to live in the country, and bathe my hands in the long grass, and gather butter-cups and daisies.

JACK (*smiling*): As it was in the beginning.

LOTTIE: Oh, I shall be so glad to get back to it after

these sultry years of London. I often think of myself in a large sun-bonnet, milking the cows as I did when I was a girl.

JACK: But cows are milked by machinery now, aren't they? And it's sure to rain when you want to put on your sun-bonnet.

LOTTIE: Oh, Jack dear, don't be cynical or bitter. Let us try to be simple. We won't say smart things to one another; but just dodder along stupidly and peacefully.

JACK: When I was in Africa and the sun beat down pitilessly, I used to think of the green lanes and the silver mists of England. . . . But don't you think you'll be awfully bored?

LOTTIE: Jack, have you no faith in me?

JACK (*going to her and taking her hands*): I've got more faith in you than in anyone else in this blessed world; but I'm afraid I haven't much in anybody. Ah, Lottie, you must teach me to have faith—faith in my fellows.

LOTTIE: I want to teach you to have faith in yourself.

JACK: I'm afraid it's too late for that. But for goodness sake, don't let us sentimentalise. It hurts too much.

(*He walks away and then, regaining his composure, turns round.*)

JACK: Did I tell you that I've asked Herbert Paton to tea, so that I might introduce him to you?

LOTTIE: It's odd that I should never have met him. Did you know him before you went to the Cape?

JACK: Yes, rather! We were at school together. I'm

sure you'll like him. He's the very worthiest chap I know.

LOTTIE : That sounds a little dull.

JACK : Oh, but we're going to cultivate respectability ourselves.

SERVANT (*enters and announces*) : Mr. Paton.

(*Herbert comes in. He is a grave, youngish man—soberly dressed, a little heavy, and without any great sense of humour.*)

JACK (*going towards him*) : We were just talking of you. Allow me to introduce you : Mr. Paton, Mrs. Vivyan.

(*Herbert bows and Lottie smiles cordially, holding out her hand. He hesitates a moment and then takes it.*)

LOTTIE (*shaking hands*) : It's so good of you to come. I was most anxious to make your acquaintance.

HERBERT (*gravely*) : It was very kind of you to ask me.

JACK : I want you to be great friends. I always insist that the people I like shall like one another.

LOTTIE (*pouring it out*) : You'll have some tea, won't you.

HERBERT : Thanks.

(*She gives him a cup.*)

LOTTIE : Jack has told me a great deal about you.

HERBERT : I hope nothing to my discredit.

LOTTIE : On the contrary, he's so full of your praise that I'm almost jealous.

JACK : You know, Lottie, I've asked Herbert to be best man.

LOTTIE : And has he accepted ?

JACK : Certainly ! He accepted straight off, before even he knew your name.

LOTTIE : You're a very confiding man, Mr. Paton. I might have been dreadfully disreputable.

HERBERT : And have you finally decided to be married to-morrow ? Your preparations have been very rapid.

LOTTIE : There were none to make. Everything is going to be quite private, you know. There'll only be one person beside yourself.

HERBERT : And aren't you even going to have a bridesmaid, Mrs. Vivyan ?

LOTTIE (*looking at him quickly*) : Er—No ! I believe it's not usual.

(*The Servant comes in and brings a letter to Jack.*)

SERVANT : The man's waiting for an answer, Sir.

JACK (*opening the letter*) : Oh—I'll just go and write a line, Lottie. I'll be back in two minutes.

(*The Servant goes out.*)

LOTTIE : Very well ! Mr. Paton and I will say unkind things of you while you're gone ; so don't be long.

JACK (*laughing*) : All right !

(*He goes out.*)

LOTTIE (*making room on the sofa upon which she is sitting*) : Now, come and sit by me and we'll talk, Mr. Paton. It was so good of you to come and see me.

HERBERT (*sitting not beside her, but on a chair near*

the sofa) : I was most anxious to make your acquaintance.

LOTTIE : One always is curious to see what the people are like whom one's friends are going to marry.

HERBERT : It was not for that reason that I wished to see you.

LOTTIE (*slightly surprised*) : Oh !

HERBERT : I'm glad Jack has left us alone ; I wanted to have a little talk with you.

LOTTIE : I'm sure I shall be delighted.

HERBERT : You know, Jack is my best and oldest friend ?

LOTTIE : Yes, he told me so ; that's why I want you to like me too.

HERBERT : We were at school together, and afterwards at the 'Varsity ; and then we shared diggings in London.

(*He pauses for a moment.*)

LOTTIE (*smiling*) : Well ?

HERBERT : I tell you all this in justification of myself.

LOTTIE : How very mysterious you are ! Jack didn't mention that in the catalogue of your virtues.

(*Herbert gets up and walks up and down.*)

HERBERT : You can't imagine how delighted I was when Jack told me he was going to be married. He's had rather a rough time of late, and I thought it was the best thing possible that he should settle down. I asked him what on earth he was going to marry on and he said you had twelve hundred a year.

LOTTIE (*with a laugh*): Fortunately! Because poor Jack lets money slip through his fingers like water; and I'm sure he'll never be able to earn a cent.

HERBERT: And I asked him who you were.

LOTTIE: What did he tell you?

HERBERT: Nothing! He seemed astonishingly ignorant about you. He knew your name, and that's nearly all.

LOTTIE: He's a wise man who asks no questions.

HERBERT: Perhaps! But I did; I made enquiries.

LOTTIE: D'you think that was very nice of you? How did you do it? Did you employ a private detective?

HERBERT: Unfortunately there was no need for that. The information I sought was all over London. Jack must be the only person in town who has not heard it.

LOTTIE (*laughing icily*): I always look upon myself as safe from the scandalmongers. You see, they can never say anything about me half so bad as the truth.

HERBERT (*looking at her steadily*): I found out, Mrs. Vivyan, how you obtained the money upon which you and Jack are proposing to live.

LOTTIE: You must be quite a Sherlock Holmes. How clever you are!

HERBERT: I want you to pardon me for what I am going to do, Mrs. Vivyan?

LOTTIE (*very coldly*): Pray don't apologise?

HERBERT: I know it's a beastly thing, it makes me feel an utter cad; but I must do it for Jack's sake. It's my duty

to him.

LOTTIE: Doubtless it is very praiseworthy to do one's duty. I notice people are always more inclined to do it when they will inflict pain upon others.

HERBERT: For God's sake don't sneer Mrs. Vivyan.

LOTTIE (*bursting out violently*): You do a shameful thing, and you expect me to pat you on the back.

HERBERT: I don't want to hurt you. I haven't the least animosity towards you. That's why I came here to-day.

LOTTIE: But really I don't understand you.

HERBERT: I should have thought it plain enough. Isn't it clear that Jack can't marry you?

LOTTIE (*with scornful surprise*): Good gracious me! Why not?

HERBERT: Do you wish me to tell you to your face what I learnt about you?

LOTTIE: In the course of your—discreditable enquiries? Well, what is it?

HERBERT: I wished to spare you this.

LOTTIE (*scornfully*): Oh no, I'm sure you wished to spare me nothing. Far be it from the virtuous to refrain from trampling on the wicked.

HERBERT: If you insist then, I know that this money was settled on you by Lord Feaverham when he married.

LOTTIE: Well?

HERBERT: Do you deny it?

LOTTIE: Why should I when you probably have proof

that it is true ?

HERBERT : I also know that Lord Feaverham had good reason to do this. . . . Oh, you hate me and think me a cad and brute ; but what can I do ? If you knew what agony it has caused me ? I believe Jack loves you, and I daresay you love him. For all I know he may hate me for what I'm doing now. I wish with all my heart there were some other way out of it.

LOTTIE : Do you wish me to sympathise with you ?

HERBERT : Oh, you're stone-cold. I only come to you because I want to be your friend. And even if you'd married Jack he must have found out sooner or later, and then it would have been a thousand times worse.

LOTTIE (*angrily*) : What d'you want me to do ?

HERBERT : Break off the marriage of your own accord. Don't let him know the reason. Let us try to save him from the humiliation and the pain. Write to him and say you don't love him enough. It's so easy.

LOTTIE : But I haven't the faintest wish to break off my marriage with Jack.

HERBERT : It's not a matter of wish ; it's a matter of necessity. The marriage is utterly impossible—for his sake, for the sake of his people. It means absolute social ruin to him.

LOTTIE : What you say sounds to me excessively impertinent, Mr. Paton.

HERBERT : I'm sorry, I have no wish to be so.

LOTTIE : And you want me to go to Jack and say I

won't marry him?

HERBERT: It's the only thing you can do. Otherwise he must find out. It's the only thing you can do if you want to save your honour in his estimation.

LOTTIE (*scornfully*): I should be as it were defeated, but not disgraced.

HERBERT: It's for your own sake.

LOTTIE: Then let me tell you that I haven't the least intention of giving Jack up.

HERBERT: But you must.

LOTTIE: Why?

HERBERT (*violently*): He can't marry you. It would dishonour him.

LOTTIE: How dare you say such things to me! You come to my house and I try to be friends with you, and you insult me. You dishonour yourself.

HERBERT: I came here to give you a chance of retiring from the engagement without the real reasons being known.

LOTTIE (*passionately*): What business is it of yours? Why do you come here and interfere with us? D'you think we're fools and simpletons? Why don't you leave us alone? Who are you that you should preach and moralise? You're ridiculous, you're simply absurd.

HERBERT: I've tried to do my best for you, Mrs. Vivyan.

LOTTIE: You've behaved like a perfect gentleman.

HERBERT: You can say or think of me what you

choose, Mrs. Vivyan. I've shielded you as much as I could. But my business is to stop this marriage, and by God, I mean to do it.

LOTTIE: You don't think of me!

HERBERT: It can make no difference to you.

LOTTIE (*about to break out passionately, but with an effort restraining herself*): Oh, what a fool I am to let myself be disturbed by what you say! It's all nonsense. And how, pray, are you going to prevent me from marrying Jack?

HERBERT: I have only one way left; and you've driven me to it. I shall tell him everything I know.

LOTTIE (*bursting into a shriek of ironical laughter*): Very well. You shall tell him now—immediately.

(*She touches the bell and the Servant comes in.*)

LOTTIE: Ask Mr. Rayner to come here?

SERVANT: Yes'm.

(*Servant goes out.*)

LOTTIE (*smiling scornfully*): I warn you that you're going to make an absolute fool of yourself, Mr. Paton. (*Herbert bows.*) But perhaps that experience will not be entirely new.

(*Jack comes in.*)

LOTTIE: What a time you've been, Jack. If it weren't for the high character that Mr. Paton has been giving you, I should fear that you had been writing love-letters. Mr. Paton wishes to speak to you on matters of importance.

JACK: That sounds rather formidable. What does he

want to talk about ?

LOTTIE : About me.

JACK (*laughing*) : That is indeed a matter of importance.

LOTTIE : Shall I leave you alone ? Mr. Paton would much rather say ill-natured things of me behind my back.

HERBERT : On the contrary, I should like you to stay, Mrs. Vivyan. I am quite willing to say before your face all I have to say.

LOTTIE (*sitting down*) : Very well. To me it's a matter of perfect indifference.

JACK : Good Heavens, you've not been quarrelling already ?

LOTTIE : No, of course not ! Go on, Mr. Paton.

HERBERT (*after a momentary pause*) : I was rather surprised to hear of your engagement, Jack.

JACK : To tell you the truth I was rather surprised myself. The thing was a bit sudden.

LOTTIE : The idea had never entered Jack's head till I indelicately proposed to him.

JACK : But I accepted with great alacrity.

HERBERT : Have you known one another long ?

JACK : Ages.

HERBERT : And who was Mr. Vivyan ?

JACK : My dear Herbert, what are you talking about ?

LOTTIE : Answer his question, Jack. It's better.

JACK : But I can't. I hav'nt the least idea who the lamented Mr. Vivyan was.

HERBERT : Have you never spoken to your fiancée on

the subject?

JACK: Well, you know, in such a case as this, one doesn't very much care to talk about one's predecessor. I believe he was a merchant.

LOTTIE (*smiling quietly*): Something in the city.

JACK: Of course! How stupid of me to forget. I remember now quite well.

HERBERT: And on his death he left his widow a fortune.

LOTTIE: Twelve hundred a year.

HERBERT (*to Jack*): You must consider yourself a very lucky chap.

JACK: I do, I can tell you.

HERBERT: I wonder if you would have married Mrs. Vivyan if she had been penniless.

LOTTIE: If I had been I should never have felt justified in asking him.

JACK: What on earth are you trying to get at, Herbert?

LOTTIE: He wants to know whether we are passionately in love with one another. . . . I don't think we are, Mr. Paton. We've both gone through a good deal and we're rather tired of love. It makes one too unhappy. The man a woman loves seems always to treat her badly. We're content to be very good friends.

HERBERT: That makes it easier for me.

JACK: What the Devil d'you mean?

HERBERT: D'you know how Mrs. Vivyan got this

money ?

(Jack looks at Herbert without speaking. Paton leans towards him earnestly.)

HERBERT : Are you quite sure there has ever been a Mr. Vivyan ?

JACK : Look here, Herbert, I can hear nothing to Mrs. Vivyan's discredit.

HERBERT : You must ! It affects you honour.

JACK : I don't care. I don't want to know anything.

LOTTIE : Let him go on, Jack. It was bound to come out sooner or later.

HERBERT : I'm awfully sorry for you old man. I know what a horrible shock and grief it must be to you. When you told me you were going to marry Mrs. Vivyan I asked people who she was. I found out—things which made me enquire more particularly.

JACK : Why the Devil didn't you mind your own business ?

HERBERT : It was for your sake, Jack. I couldn't let you be entrapped in a scandalous marriage.

(A pause.)

LOTTIE : Go on, Mr. Paton.

HERBERT : Mrs. Vivyan has never been married. The name is assumed. Oh God, I don't know how to tell you ! Mrs. Vivyan, please leave us. I can't stand it. I can't say these things before you, and I must say them. It will be better for all of us if you leave us alone.

LOTTIE : Oh no, you asked me to stay, when I offered to go. Now I want to hear all you've got to say.

HERBERT (*with an effort*) : She's the daughter of a Vet., Jack. She got mixed up with a man at Oxford, and then came to town. Four years ago, she made the acquaintance of Lord Feaverham. And when he got married he settled on her the sum of twelve hundred a year.

(*A pause. Jack has now become calm again, and looks stonily at Herbert.*)

JACK : Well ?

HERBERT : What's the matter, Jack ? You don't seem to understand.

JACK (*passionately*) : Haven't you made it clear, damn you ? How can I fail to understand.

HERBERT : Why d'you look at me like that ?

JACK (*very calmly and slowly*) : You've told me nothing which I did not know before.

HERBERT (*horror-stricken*) : Jack, you're mad !

JACK (*passionately*) : Confound you ; don't you hear ! I tell you that you've said nothing which I did not know before.

HERBERT : You don't mean to say you knew what the woman was whom you were going to marry ?

JACK : I knew everything.

HERBERT : Good God, Jack, you can't marry another man's cast off. . .

JACK (*interrupting*) : I'd rather you didn't call her ugly names, Herbert, because, you know, she's going to be my wife.

HERBERT : But why, why, man ? Oh, it's infamous !
You say you're not passionately in love with her.

JACK (*to Lottie*) : What shall I say to him, Lottie ?
(*Lottie shrugs her shoulders.*)

JACK : Well, if you want the least creditable part of the
whole business. . . .

LOTTIE (*interrupting bitterly*) : He doubtless does.

JACK : Remember that for a penniless chap like me she's
a rich woman.

HERBERT (*with horror*) : Oh ! (*Then, as if gradually
understanding*) : But you're selling yourself ; you're selling
yourself as she sold herself. Oh, how can you ! Why man,
you're going to live on the very price of her shame.

JACK (*almost in an undertone*) : One must live.

HERBERT : Oh, Jack, what has come over you ! Have
you no honour ? It's bad enough to marry the woman, yet do
that if you love her ; but don't take the damned money. I
never dreamt you could do such a thing. All the time I was
thinking that this woman had enveigled you ; and my heart
bled to think of the pain you must suffer when you knew the
truth.

JACK : I'm very sorry.

HERBERT : Why didn't you tell me ?

JACK : One doesn't care about making such things more
public than necessary.

HERBERT : No !

JACK (*going up to Lottie*) : Why do you listen to all this,

dearest ?

LOTTIE : Oh, I've had hard things said to me for years. I can bear it, and I don't want to run away.

JACK : You're very brave, my dear. (*turning to Herbert.*) If you'll sit down quietly and not make a beastly fuss, I'll try and explain to you how it all came about. I don't want you to think too badly of me.

LOTTIE : Oh, don't, Jack. It will only pain you. What does it matter what he thinks ?

JACK : I should like to say it once and for all ; and then I can forget it. To-morrow we bury the past for ever, and begin a new life.

HERBERT (*sitting down*) : Well ?

JACK : You know, when I was a boy I thought myself prodigiously clever. At Oxford I was a shining light. And when I came to town, I was eager for honour and glory. It took me five long years to discover I was a fool. Oh, what anguish of heart it was, when the fact stared me in the face that I was a failure, a miserable, hopeless failure ! I had thought myself so much cleverer than the common run of men. I had looked down on them from the height of my superiority, and now I was obliged to climb down and confess that I was less than the most vulgar money-grubber of them all. Ah, what a lucky chap you are, Herbert. You were never under the delusion that you had genius. You were so deliberately normal. You always did the right thing, and the thing that was expected of you. And now, you see, I'm a poor, broken-down scamp,

while you are a pillar of society. And you play golf and go to church regularly. You do play golf and go to church ?

HERBERT : Yes.

JACK : I knew it. And you're engaged to a model, upright English girl with fair hair and blue eyes, the daughter of a clergyman.

HERBERT : The daughter of a doctor.

JACK : Same thing ; the species is just the same. And she's strong and healthy, and plays tennis, and rides a bike, and has muscles like a prize-fighter. Oh, I know it. Then you'll get married and help to over-populate the island. You'll rear children upright and healthy and strong and honest like yourselves. And when you die they'll put on your tombstone : "Here lies an honourable man." Thank your stars that you were never cursed with ideals, but were content to work hard and be respectable. Oh, it's a long, hard fall when one tumbles back to earth, trying to climb to heaven. . . . And the result of it all is, that you have an income and honour ; while I, as you remarked—

HERBERT : I didn't mean to be rough on you in what I said just now, Jack.

JACK : No, I know you didn't, old chap ; but nothing very much affects me now. When one has to stand one's own contempt, it is easy enough to put up with other people's. Oh, if you knew how awful those years were, when I tried and tried and could do no good. At last I despaired and went to the Cape. But I muddled away my money there as I had

muddled everything in England ; and then I had to work and earn my bread as best I could. Sometimes I couldn't and I starved.

HERBERT : Why didn't you write ? I should have been so glad to help you, Jack.

JACK : I couldn't. I couldn't accept money from you. One needs to have pawned one's shirt for bread before one can lend money like a gentleman. Lottie found out I was in distress and sent me twenty pounds.

LOTTIE : He never used it, Mr. Paton. He kept it for two months so as not to hurt my feelings, and then returned it with effusive thanks. I noticed they were the same four notes as I sent out.

JACK (*with a slight laugh*) : Well, I managed to get on somehow. I tried farming, I went to the mines, I was a bartender. Imagine the shining light of Oxford debating-societies mixing drinks in his shirt-sleeves and a white apron. A merciful Providence has destined me to be one of life's failures.

HERBERT : It sounds awful. I never knew.

LOTTIE : Of course you never knew ! People like you don't. You, with your income and your respectability, what do you know of the struggles and the agony of those who go under ? You can't judge, you don't know how many temptations we resist for the one we fall to.

JACK : After all, it wasn't so bad—when one got used to it. And I had the edifying spectacle of my fellows. Army men, shady people from the city, any amount of parsons' sons,

'Varsity men by the score, and now and again a noble lord. Oh, we were a select body, I can tell you—the failures, and the blackguards, and the outcasts. Most of them take to drink, and that's the best thing they can do, for then they don't mind.

HERBERT: Thank God you escaped that.

JACK: By no fault of mine, old chap. I should have been only too glad to drink myself to death, only spirits make me so beastly ill that I have to keep sober. . . . Anyhow, now I'm back in England again, and three or four weeks ago I met Lottie.

LOTTIE: At a night-club, Mr. Paton.

JACK: Well, we'd been pals in the old days, and she asked me to go and see her. We soon were as great friends as ever. She told me all about herself, and I told her about myself. It was an edifying story on both sides. She spoke of the settlement, and one day suggested that I should marry her.

HERBERT: And you agreed?

JACK: Oh, I was tired of this miserable existence of mine. I was sick to death of being always alone. I wanted someone to care for me, someone to belong to me and stand by me. And it's so awful to be poor, perpetually to have starvation staring you in the face, not to have the smallest comfort or anything that makes life pleasant and beautiful. You, who've always been well off, don't know what a man can do to get money. I tell you such abject poverty is maddening. I couldn't stand it any longer; I would rather have

killed myself. I'm tired of all this effort, I want to live in peace and quiet.

HERBERT : And the price you pay is dishonour.

JACK : Dishonour ! I'm not such an honourable creature as all that. I've done mean enough things in my life. I wonder what I haven't done ! I haven't stolen ; but that's because I was afraid of being found out, and I never had the pluck to take my chance.

HERBERT : How can you live together with the recollection of the past ?

JACK : Oh, damn the past ! (*to Lottie*) : You know me for what I am, dear, and you know I have no cause to despise you.

LOTTIE (*with her hands on Jack's shoulder*) : We're both rather tired of the world, and we've both gone through a good deal. I think we shall be forbearing to one another.

HERBERT : I wonder if you can possibly be happy ?

JACK : I hope I shall make Lottie as good a husband as I think she will make me a good wife.

LOTTIE (*smiling*) : Was I right, Mr. Paton, when I prophesied you would make a fool of yourself ?

HERBERT : Perhaps ! I don't know. Good-bye.

LOTTIE : Good-bye.

(*He gives his hand to Jack and walks out. Jack turns to Lottie and she puts her hands on his shoulders.*)

LOTTIE : I'm afraid you'll have to do without a best man, old chap. Respectability and virtue have turned their

backs upon us.

JACK : Oh, give them time and they'll come round. They only want feeding. You can get a bishop to dine with you if you give good enough dinners.

LOTTIE (*sighing*): They're so hard, all these good people. Their moral sense isn't satisfied unless they see the sinner actually roasting in Hell. As if Hell were needful when every little sin so quickly brings upon this earth its bitter punishment.

JACK : Let us forget it all. What does the world matter when we have ourselves. Why did you tell Herbert we were only friends? We're so much more than that.

LOTTIE (*smiling sadly*): Are we? Perhaps we are; but if love comes let it come very slowly.

JACK : Why?

LOTTIE : Because I want it to last for ever.

(*Jack puts his arms round her, and she rests her head against his shoulder.*)

JACK : I will try to be a good husband to you, dearest.

LOTTIE : Oh Jack, Jack, I want your love so badly.

CURTAIN.

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM.



THE BATHER.

A PHIAL.

This precious bubble of the antique world,
As light as lifted foam, as frail as breath,
Endured when empires died a desperate death,
When heaven on earth, when tower on tower was hurled.

Hues of a beetle's temporary wing
Have grown on this in centuries of slime ;
Dials have told a rosary of time
For every nuance of this feeble thing.

Were it devised at first for costly balm,
The distillation of a summer's fee,
To sweeten some " Ah sweet, I dote on thee,"
And over all there lies a common calm. . . .

No more, no more the heavy branches drip
Another fragrance to the tangled moss,
Translucent insects flamed and hummed across ;
The sleep they soothed is grown eternal sleep.

It mocks indeed, it is not wholly dumb,
The insect's fiery wing ; and, listening well
Against the margin of this tell-tale shell,
There wakes the memory of a distant hum.

Drowse on, drowse on until I come again ;
Or sleep, or sleep for ever, evermore ;
We are like men who halt upon a shore,
Whose thoughts go forward and whose feet remain.

JOHN GRAY.

A CONCERT AT CLIFFORD'S INN.

(Since this paper was written the destruction of the old Hall, which then seemed imminent, has been for a time averted. The names still shine, and the old music has again been heard there.)

Another of the old "Inns of Chancery" is doomed to destruction; another bit of Old London, another reposeful nook of ancientry, will soon have vanished from the face of the earth. Clifford's Inn will ere long be carted away, a pathetic heap of rubbish; the ghosts that haunted it evicted without compunction; the Societies that frequented it turned adrift to find an asylum elsewhere. Where now, if anywhere, will be held those "curious feasts" of "The Ancient and Honourable Society of Clifford's Inn," whereat no after-dinner speeches were allowed to interrupt the convivial flow of conversation; where the grace after meat was dumbly symbolised by the Chairman's three times elevating four little loaves united in the form of a cross, which were then sent down the table in token that the remains of the feast were to be given, as customary dole, to certain poor old women who waited in the buttery. Whither now will emigrate "The Art Worker's Guild," the names of whose Presidents shine in gold letters upon panels in the wainscoting of the old Hall, among the rank and file of the Workers who here "took their ease in their Inn"?

How many quiet browsing-places for memory have been ruthlessly swept away by the epidemic of improvements still raging in the City! A stone's throw from St. Dunstan's, Temple Bar has been removed and rusticated by brute force, like the gates of Gaza; and on its site ramps the triumphant Griffin, emblematic of Prosperity and Progress; and now the old Inn must go! It is a place of many memories. Here in the hall, after the fire of London, sat Sir Matthew Hale with a council of Puisne judges, to settle disputes about property and boundaries. Here in chambers resided for a while Sir Edward Coke of legal fame, and John Selden of the shrewd and witty "Table Talk." Here also at No. 13 dwelt George Dyer, the friend of Charles Lamb, whose feet must often have trodden the cobble-stones of these old courts. Here, in more recent times, the "little clan" who love the older forms of music have come to the Dolmetsch Concerts, to delight their souls with hearing the works of composers who filled the spacious times of Tudor and Stuart with sounds which, for "the general" have long ceased to echo still.

The last of these concerts, given on March 23rd 1903, was the ninety-fourth of the Dolmetsch concerts, of which only some of the later series were held at Clifford's Inn. It was a worthy farewell to the old walls, which will echo no more to the sweet sounds of voice and lute, viol and harpsichord, discoursing music that seemed to harmonise with the spirit of the place. These ninety-four concerts represent but a small portion of the work Mr. Dolmetsch has done in the cause of old music, to which he has devoted so much of his life and energy.

Before such concerts could be set on foot a vast amount of preliminary labour was necessary: rare old scores had to be picked up here and there; still rarer unpublished manuscripts to be hunted for in libraries, decyphered and copied out; arrangements made from figured basses; curious forms of notation and scoring to be understood and interpreted. Then, to make the dry bones of the music live, it was further necessary to collect and learn the mechanism of each instrument for which it was written; and in all cases to repair and put each of them in order, with due regard to its proper tuning, before it could be played upon. To do all this needed a rare combination of talents and industry, knowledge and skill. Mr. Dolmetsch has proved himself as dexterous in repairing his old instruments as he is in playing them. But, not content with merely repairing, he has actually *made* lutes, clavichords, harpsichords; and, for Cecil Rhodes, a small modern piano, in which the strings are attached to wood, not metal, and of which the *timbre* is much more sympathetic, and combines better with other strings, than that of the cold and blatant "concert grand."

These Dolmetsch Concerts, so pleasant in their unconviviality, are much like what we may imagine the private "chamber music" of the Eighteenth century to have been; when a few musical people came together to entertain themselves with a few choice pieces of music.

The last concert opened with a quaint little piece entitled: "A tune with Divisions for the Virginals:" *divisions* in this sense being a series of melodic passages suggested by a theme:

written by William Byrd, an English composer born about 1538, of whom Henry Peacham in his *Compleat Gentleman* says: "For motets and musike of pietie and devotion, as well for the honour of our nation as the merit of the man, I preferre above all other our phoenix, Mr. William Byrd, whom in that kind I know not whether any may equal." Like his friend Tallis, he was a gentleman of the Chapel Royal and organist to Queen Elizabeth. He wrote much sacred music; among other things "Psalmes, Songs and Sonets, some solemne, others joyful, framed to the life of the words." This last phrase of the title is noteworthy, showing with what care these old composers endeavoured to make their music follow "the life of the words." Byrd's pupil, Thomas Morley, speaks of him as his "loving master, never without reverence to be named of musicians," and tells of his "virtuous contentions" with Alfonso Ferrabosco, the elder, born of Italian parents at Greenwich about 1560, in making "various ways of plain-song upon a *miserere*." He had many of these "virtuous contentions" with Ferrabosco; in one of which the trial of skill was the setting of a song, "The Nightingale so plesant and so gaie." In this, according to Peacham, the Italian had the best of it. "His compositions," he says, "cannot be bettered for sweetness of air and depth of judgment." If it were at all on the level of some of his pieces given by Mr. Dolmetsch at an earlier concert, Ferrabosco's setting must have been hard to beat. At that concert two of his Pavans for five viols, two Trebles, Alto, Tenor, and Viola da Gamba; and a Song

accompanied by the Lute, "Like Hermit Poor," were performed. Nothing more beautiful of their kind than these Pavans could be conceived. They were dance measures full of stately gravity, with the most exquisite contrapuntal writing for the viols, the continuous melody passing through a series of ingenious and delightful transitional cadences leading at last to a full close on the tonic, which having been so long evaded, came with a most satisfying and triumphant effect.

Byrd's divisions were written about 1600. At the Dolmetsch Concert, they were played upon an English spinet; which, like the harpsichord, is merely a more developed form of the Virginals. The mechanism of all three instruments is practically the same. Each, like the more modern piano, is a keyed instrument; but while in the piano, the wire strings are struck by a small wooden hammer with a head padded with felt, in the spinet and harpsichord they are plucked by a small quill, that of a raven being the most suitable. This quill projects about an eighth of an inch from the side of an oblong piece of wood called a "jack," which flies up when the key is pressed by the finger; the quill being released by a simple, but ingenious piece of mechanism after it has plucked the string, which it does not strike again as the jack falls. Byrd's Tune is, like many of these old pieces, vocal and instrumental, in a minor key; and the divisions wander in a sweet and leisurely way over the bass, like a continual reverie on the tune, breathing a gentle melancholy, content with its own quiet sadness and beauty.

Then came "Three Songs accompanied by the Lute and Viola da Gamba;" the words and the music of the first two, by Thomas Campion, (a song-writer well known to collectors of old English lyrics); the date of all three is about 1601. All are in the minor mode, and all are lovely—the last loveliest of all. This, set by Philip Rossiter, is still in manuscript; but the others may be found in a volume of "Twelve Elizabethan Songs," edited by Miss Janet Dodge, and published by A. H. Bullen. Here is a verse of the first:—

"Though you are yoong and I am olde,
Though youre vaines hot and my bloud colde.
Though youth is moist and age is drie,
Yet embers live when floures doe die."

It is quaintly and simply set and harmonised; the expression of the words being closely followed by the poet in his music. Though in a minor key, he does not allow the hearer to feel that his elderly Lover is opprest by melancholy, much less despair. The sober sadness of his love is tempered by a sturdy hope. There is great reticence in the use of minor harmonies; the chord of the tonic minor being sparingly used, the last cadence introducing a sharpened third in the tonic chord—the "tierce de Picardie" of old organ music. The first verse of the second song goes thus:

"When to her lute Corinna singes
Her voice revives the leaden stringes,
And doth in highest noates appeare

As any challeng'd eccho cleere :
But when she doth of mourning speake,
Ev'n with her sighes, the strings doe breake !”

These songs are simple examples of the method of the old composers in using the minor mode ; the ear being pleasantly tantalised by the alternation of major and minor phrases and the sparing use of the tonic minor. This explains that effect of gentle melancholy, so characteristic of these old songs and pieces in minor keys, which are usually made to express a grave tenderness rather than a poignant sadness. It is the melancholy of sunshine mellowed by the green leaves of a woodland glade. In the accompaniments there is a great charm in the contrapuntal treatment of the instruments, each with a valid part of its own, harmonising with the melody, but not repeating it ; the lute playing round the vocal part while the *viola da gamba* gives harmonic resonance with occasional full chords.

The lute is the most perfect of the tribe of fretted instruments, in which, as in the guitar, the intervals are marked upon the fingerboard by raised ridges called *frets*, against which the strings are prest by the finger to produce each note. It was much used in the Elizabethan period for accompanying the voice, which it does most sympathetically and modestly without undue self-assertion. It is a beautiful instrument, shaped like half a gradually tapering pear, the smaller end terminating in a long neck which supports the finger-board ;

its lines of construction are as fine as those of a racing cutter. Its form suggests the aristocratic culture of its period, when every gentleman was, or strove to be, a skilled poet and musician. It would grace the hands of Sir Philip Sidney himself with its dainty elegance. There are usually eleven or more strings, for in these old instruments the stringing may vary in different specimens.

Amongst other pieces heard on this occasion was "A Fantazie for Three Viols" by John Jenkins, an English composer who lived to a good age, and wrote much music—beautiful music too it must be, if this fantasia be a fair specimen of its quality. But now who remembers his name, or knows his work? All of it, save a few songs, has apparently gone to the world's waste-paper basket, the dustiest shelves of old libraries, from which this forgotten piece was picked by Mr. Dolmetsch, who arranged it from the manuscript for two *viòle d'amore* and *viola da gamba*.

The *viola d'amore* well deserves its pretty name; for it sings as sweetly as if the soul of a faithful lover dwelt in its graceful body and spoke through its strings. It is shaped like a more slender violin, with a longer neck, terminating in a cherub's head. It has seven strings played on by the bow, and besides these, running under the bridge and attached to the back of the cherub's head, are seven "sympathetic" strings of wire, which are not played on but vibrate in harmony with the notes drawn from the upper strings by the bow. The effect of their vibration is very pleasing, giving the *viola*

d'amore its peculiar quality of tone, each note seeming to be surrounded by a tender halo of veiled sound, harmonics of the note itself.

The *viola da gamba* is a forerunner of the violoncello, and is played much in the same way, except that the bow is longer and held like that of the *violone*, the largest of the viol tribe, with deep notes something like those of the double bass. It usually has seven strings, sometimes but six; and sometimes also has seven sympathetic strings. It is tuned an octave lower than the usual tuning of the *viola d'amore*. Occasionally both *viola d'amore* and *viola da gamba* are given thirteen sympathetic strings, tuned in a chromatic scale.

In Jenkins's fantasia the effect of the three instruments, each with its separate melody, as they played with each other in counterpoint, was ravishingly beautiful. It was, as Mr. Dolmetsch said, a piece that Carpaccio's angels might play. The workmanlike manner in which the angels in pictures by the early Italian masters handle their viols delights the musician's soul. They know what they are about. Look at their fingers and you can hear the notes they are playing. Take, for instance, Carpaccio's great altarpiece, "The Presentation of Christ in the Temple," now in the Academy at Venice, in which, below the principal personages, three lovely little wingless child angels sit and play—one a curved pipe and one a lute, while the third waits with his viol and bow, ready to come in at the right moment. The one in the middle, raised a step above the others, holds a lute, which looks almost too big

for him, upon his left knee, crossed over his right, to form a perfectly steady support. He grips his large instrument masterfully, and his whole soul is in his work; while his comrade listens with earnest attention for his cue, and the piper plays with an expression of entranced seriousness. You feel that they are all skilled musicians. Burne Jones's decorative figures are as evidently lackadaisical impostors, languidly pretending to play upon instruments the ways of which they do not understand.

"The Golden Sonata" of Purcell, was here played with fine effect on the instruments for which he wrote it, two Violins, Viola da Gamba and Harpsichord. It was composed about 1680, when Purcell was twenty-two. It opens with a short *largo* the *viola da gamba* giving out a graceful theme in the tonic major, a tripping and flowing melody full of grave and stately cheerfulness with variations for the violins, the harpsichord accompanying. It is followed by an *adagio* in the minor, the most remarkable movement of the piece, a slow progression of full chords through most of the flat keys, with many anticipations and suspensions, giving rise to strange discords and resolutions; sounding like a solemn and mysterious dirge, or funeral chant, to which the suspended discords give poignancy. The succeeding *allegro* is in the shape of a free canon, the subject now given out by the first violin; its development giving rise to a brisk and lively movement, in which the instruments follow and play with each other, like dancers through the

mazes of an intricate dance; now taking hands and now separating as the figures change. Then comes a grave and majestic slow movement in the relative minor, short, but exquisitely lovely, and full of a tender melancholy, leading to a finale, *allegro scherzando*, in the tonic. This finale is much like the *scherzo* and *trio* of an early Beethoven sonata except that the subject corresponding to the *trio* arises more directly from the first subject, and ends the piece pleasantly and cheerfully, without repetition of the first part.

A noticeable feature of the Dolmetsch Concerts has been the rendering of the works of Johann Sebastian Bach: amongst others of his "Concerto in C minor, for Two Harpsichords, Two Violins, Viola, Violoncello, and Violone." This splendid piece opens with an *allegretto*, leading to an *adagio*, a fine example of Bach's solid and majestic contrapuntal scoring. This, as given on the old instruments, was specially interesting, because the harpsichord plays a most important part in the general effect, which would have been much marred if the music assigned to it had been arranged for the piano. Bach loved the harpsichord, knew its musical personality as only a lover could, and has written for it music which brings out all its finest qualities of tone and timbre. Anyone who has had an opportunity of hearing his concerted pieces played on the instruments for which they were written, must feel not merely the intellectual greatness of the man, but the emotional side of his nature, and the noble beauty which results from his stern devotion to musical form.

A "Sonata for the Viola da Gamba and Harpsichord accompanied by a second Harpsichord," by J. P. Teleman, written about 1730, affords a good contrast to the Bach Concerto. It is like coming down from the mountain tops to be led through green pastures, and beside still waters. Teleman was a great rival of Bach in his own day; but now an almost unknown composer even in Germany. Yet to judge by this and some other pieces which Mr. Dolmetsch has unearthed, and given at some of these concerts, he well deserves a hearing. This sonata is full of melodic beauty, and scored with much skill and refinement.

Another composition which gains in effect when played on the instrument for which it was written, is Bach's first Prelude and Fugue on the Clavichord, for which his great series of Preludes and Fugues was composed; the Clavichord, not the harpsichord being the "Wohltemperirte Clavier." It was called "well-tempered" by Bach, because the temperament was more equally distributed between the different keys, than was the case in the harpsichord; thus enabling him to make use of the more extreme keys without offending the ear with pieces which if played on the harpsichord, with its less equable temperament, would have sounded distinctly out of tune. The clavichord is the daintiest of keyed instruments, and is strung with wire strings, much after the fashion of the flat oblong piano of the early nineteenth century, which it somewhat resembles in shape. Each note is produced by the contact of the "tangent," a thin blade or lamina of brass, with the string;

which it divides into two segments, one of which is damped, while the other in vibrating sounds a note of the pitch required. Its sound is faint, but the quality of tone is exquisite, and has in it something so remote and alien from the work-a-day world as to suggest the performance of a fairy musician at the court of Titania. The note continues to sound for some time, if the string be held by the tangent, and something like a swell can be produced by a gently increased pressure of the finger on the key, which makes the note thus held louder and slightly sharper. In Mr. Dolmetsch's performance on a clavichord which he had himself made, the Prelude and Fugue were distinctly heard, every note clear, and with a kind of dewy radiance in its timbre. This pure and delicate timbre, so characteristic of the instrument, gave the pieces a rare distinction.

We have had many collections of old English songs and lyrics, from the dawn of poetry in the earliest ballads down to the courtly verses of the gallants of the Restoration. It is a comparatively easy task to collect even the rarer of these coy flowers of literature, and when collected everyone who can read can enjoy them. But where, except at these concerts, each of which is a piece of carefully selected anthology, can any lover of music hear the works of these fine Old Masters, the men who made the great modern art of music, performed, as nearly as possible as they were written, upon the instruments for which they were composed? A transcript for modern instruments is much like the translation of a beautiful

poem from one language into another, always but a pale suggestion, and often a mutilation or distortion. The colour and aroma are more or less lost in the process. Now this lyrical period of English poetry in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries corresponds to the development of the art of music, vocal and instrumental, from its first beginnings in the Latin hymns of the Church and the folk-songs of the European peoples, down to the great seventeenth century composers, Purcell, and Bach, and Handel. Mr. Saintsbury, in the introduction to his charming collection of seventeenth century songs and lyrics, seems to regard the excellence of the song-writing of even the less distinguished poets of the Elizabethan period as something inexplicable; but we should remember that these writers, even if not always skilled musicians, were in the midst of the spring-time of music, and wrote their words for musical setting, either by themselves or someone else. This may partly explain the goodness of their songs. It is true that many poets with no ear for music have written admirable verse, and even poems well adapted for music; but a man who can sing or appreciate singing is more likely to write a good song than a man who cannot. Shakspeare, among the greatest of song-writers, shows in many passages of his works, an intimate acquaintance with the musical art of his time, and never makes a mistake in his allusions to musical forms, or to instruments and their handling. In the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles I., even amateurs who played or sang were skilled musicians, with ears trained by having to

deal with stringed instruments, often difficult even to tune; while they had to fill in parts from figured basses. This involved some knowledge of composition and counterpoint. They could not merely sing at sight, but compose at sight; for musical education was then based upon the firm foundation of counterpoint, an art:

“Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute;”

as anyone who hears the compositions of the old contrapuntists knows. Its very essence is the development of melody from a germinal phrase, and the setting of melody against melody so as to produce a series of satisfying harmonies.

In these concerts Mr. Dolmetsch has done for the music of this great period of the invention of lovely tunes, as of lovely lyrics, what no mere collector of songs or pieces could do for it, or for a lover of music. He has enabled his audiences to hear, and taught them to delight in, the exquisite effect of the old viols, each with its own distinct timbre, its own musical personality, sometimes in duett, sometimes as a “Chest of Viols” without other instruments, sometimes in combination with flute or harpsichord. Such “consorts of musicke” as these makes one feel the cheerful sanity of the Old Masters, and the liberty they enjoyed within the gradually widening limitations prescribed by the perfect law of contrapuntal form.

JOHN TODHUNTER.

THE

PEAR TREE
PRESS.





